

No. 51

MERRY ENGLAND

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ONE SHILLING.]

[MONTHLY.

JULY, 1887.

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BY JOHN OLDCASTLE.

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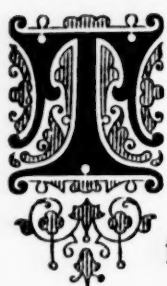
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Leo et xiii.



LIFE OF LEO XIII.

BY

JOHN OLDCASTLE,

WITH CHAPTERS CONTRIBUTED BY

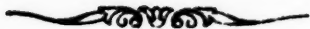
The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster,

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The Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J.,

AND

Alice Meynell.



JOHN SINKINS.

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TO
THE MARQUIS OF RIPON, K.G.
AND TO
JOHN AUSTIN, M.P.

TRUE CATHOLICS
AND TRUE ENGLISHMEN

WHO FEAR GOD
HONOUR THE QUEEN
AND HAVE FAITH IN THE DEMOCRACY

I DEDICATE THIS SLIGHT SKETCH
OF HIM
WHO IS SET ABOVE SOVEREIGNS
AND SERVES PEOPLES

London, July 1887

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

POPE LEO XIII.

CHAPTER I.

What Manner of Man?

WHEN the news of Joachim Pecci's election to the Papal throne surprised the world, millions of tongues asked what manner of man he might be. The newspapers with one accord, but in many discords, hastened to reply. "His Holiness was tall and not tall; smooth-tongued and rough-tongued; an ultramontane and yet moderate; of patrician and of plebeian birth; the dearest friend and the dearest enemy of Cardinal Manning; broad and narrow minded; a cosmopolitan and an Italian." And then what a contrast with his predecessor! To the most corpulent occupant of the Chair of Peter had succeeded the thinnest, who lacked not only physical bulk, but also the "polish, the facile manner of Pope Pius IX." Nay, was it not "an open secret" that the late Pontiff had said, in a letter to the

Bishop of Tournai, that "the election of Cardinal Pecci as his successor would be the ruin of the Church?" And was it not "notorious" that Cardinal Antonelli was, in this case at least, faithful to his lord even in his dislikings?

Perhaps nowhere had this literature of legend a more surprising growth than in England, where, from one cause and another, the Papal Church had become a great factor in the national life. The numerical strength of Queen Victoria's Catholic subjects in the United Kingdom—some five millions—would appear to be hardly yet realized by those masters of modern life—the Editors, especially the Editors of the great daily papers. These, once they discover, for instance, that every tenth man in London is a Catholic, and that the remaining nine are beginning to know him, will be at pains to treat the affairs and the affections of this human tithe with at least that modicum of truth and intelligence which all other topics command. Meanwhile, accidents have combined to give prominence to Catholicism in England. The truth-revealing public controversies and the truth-witnessing return of thousands of our countrymen to the Old Religion; the interest and admiration attaching to the personality of Cardinal Manning and of Cardinal Newman; the re-establishment of the Hierarchy and the approach, by leaps and bounds, of the largest and most cultivated section of the Anglican Establishment to some of the forms and to the Ethics of Catholicism—these and other causes, great and small, have effected within our own generation an astonishing change in the attitude of public opinion towards the Church of Rome.

When therefore Cardinal Pecci ascended the Papal throne, English newspapers were busy about him—with results already outlined. Catholics, for the most part, held their peace. They were content to wait, patient in the conviction that the choice of the Cardinals would not be lightly cast on one unworthy the august position of the Archbishop of Christendom. Verily has their faith been justified by the works of Leo XIII. But even the friendly outsider imagined vain things. "The result of Pius IX.'s life," prophesied the *Spectator* in February 1878, "has been to lay a burden on his successor to which few men could be equal, and beneath the weight of which, not only the spiritual throne, but the church on which it rests, may begin to sink."

It seems almost heartless to recall such perverse committals of the most gratuitous form of human error, and to revive, with all the light of subsequent knowledge to shame it, such a paragraph as the following, appearing in the pages of another weekly paper, shortly after the new Pontiff's accession :

"The Pope is an object of universal pity at Rome. They say that all the spirit he showed at first has disappeared. He weeps frequently, and has attacks of deep depression, and cries :—' Is it necessary that an old man like me should end his life thus ? ' He feels like one who is standing in an open place to be shot. As a Cardinal he used to hunt at Carpineto, and was fresh and active as a young man. Now he has aged over much, and is very thin ; three times a-day he will pack his box to go to Perugia, but he dares not carry out his desire. Since Franchi died, his fear of being poisoned has increased, and his brother is even more anxious than Leo himself. He never touches anything at table. His brother goes daily to the town and brings

him back pies and turkeys cooked in jelly, which he carefully conceals under his cloak. This is the only food he ever partakes of. Leo makes his own coffee. He has his wine straight from Carpineto, from his own vineyard, and keeps it in his *secrétaire*. Two attempts have already been made to poison him. Once it was a glass of wormwood, after drinking which he felt suddenly unwell. His brother fetched a physician, whom he could confide in, and not the doctor of the Vatican; he gave him a counter poison, which proved efficacious. Several Cardinals, who were present, sought to prevent his brother from fetching aid."

For every idle word that man shall speak he shall give an account: but not, let us of the pencraft pray, for every idle word that he shall write!

It would seem not inappropriate therefore, though decidedly prosaic, to attempt to transfer Pope Leo XIII. from the penny wax-work to the gallery of serious Portraiture. And if in the following pages there is no record of the Pope of rumour and of the Pope of romance, so also another absence may be noted—the absence of those adjectives which not uncommonly overlay and clog the biographies of Pontiffs written by contemporaries. Declamatory praise has been here eschewed as a literary superfluity and therefore a double impertinence—in this case to the subject no less than to the reader. We are willing to allow even Encyclicals of Pope Leo to speak for themselves without protesting that they are "magnificent." For the rest, venerable as Joachim Pecci is to us as Pontiff, these pages are insufficient to give anything like a history of his Pontificate; and, in this consciousness, we have tried to penetrate as much as we might through that immaculate white cassock of his, and to portray the Man.



CHAPTER II.

Boyhood to Priesthood.

THE narcissus was taking the "winds of March with beauty" as they blew across the Volscian mountains when Joachim Pecci was born in the old family palace at Carpineto near Signia, in the year 1810. Of his father, Count Luigi Pecci, there is little to be said, and we spare the reader the elaborate pedigree in which an Italian genealogist traces back to Rienzi the descent of the Countess—known in her maidenhood as Anna Prosperi of Cori. What is more to our purpose is that her spiritual traditions were entirely noble. A friend of the late Father Faber used to say of him in his boyhood that he would certainly turn out well because he was "the child of his mother's prayers." The same prediction might have been as readily ventured in the case of the little Italian boy who first drew breath in a large stone-floored chamber, on the second storey of the Pecci palace, leading into the private chapel where he and his brother were afterwards to say Mass.

In baptism he received the names of Joachim Vincent Raphael Aloysius; but it was by the second of his names that he was known at home, his mother giving

it the preference on account of her admiration for St. Vincent Ferrer. Herself a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, she inspired her children with that love of the Seraphic Father which was afterwards to be proclaimed to the City and the World in an inspiring Encyclical—surely a striking instance of the influence which one woman—the mother of a Pope—may wield by proxy over a celibate-served Christendom. Made familiar with the brown habit of St. Francis from his earliest infancy, at the age of eight he was entrusted to the keeping of St. Ignatius, being sent, in company with his brother, to the Jesuit Fathers at Viterbo. It was there that he formed that admiring affection for the Society which the pupils of its Fathers ever feel ; which Lamartine has expressed in prose at once masculine and tender ; of which the less demonstrative Englishman carries through life the memory in his heart ; but which only now and again in the world's history can take voice from the chair of Peter. Thus the little child was father to the Pope who besought millions of mothers to be, even as his own mother had been, of the Third Order ; and the schoolboy was father to the Pope who restored to the Jesuits the privileges of which they had been deprived. One of these beloved preceptors at Viterbo was Father Vincent Pavini ; and to him his pupil, at the age of twelve, addressed some Latin verses to be found on another page.

On the death of his devoted mother in 1824, the boy of fourteen was sent to Rome. At first he lived with his uncle in the palace of the Marquis Muti. Thence

he soon proceeded to the Roman College, passing in due course into the academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, that nursery of Nuncios and school of Cardinals. Here he had among his professors Andrew Carafa, John Perone, Anthony Kohlmann, and—most loved and brilliant of all—Father Francis Manera, S.J. This period is, besides, memorable to the Pontiff as that of close friendship with Cardinal Sala, who “favoured the youth in many ways and afforded him great assistance by wise councils and admonitions.”

The students at the academy for Noble Ecclesiastics may be said to live under the eye of the Pope; and Gregory XVI. was as quick to discover the aptitude of Pecci as Pius IX. was, a few years later, to discover that of our own Cardinal Manning. There had hardly been a hesitation as to his vocation from the first; and he too, doubtless, at his ordination “wept most abundant and most sweet tears at the thought of what he had then become;” but he is reticent, even in his poems, about his inmost feelings. While yet in minor orders he was attached to the Papal Household, as Domestic Prelate, and a few months later he received the Priesthood at the hands of the pious Cardinal Prince Odescalchi. His first mass he said in the chapel of St. Stanislaus in Saint Andrew’s on the Quirinal, assisted by his brother Joseph Pecci, then a member of the Society of Jesus, and now a Cardinal.

This was in the year 1837; and the young Prelate, who was also a young politician, watched from a distance the course of events in England where “in a palace in a garden, meet scene for youth and innocence and beauty,

came the voice that told the maiden she must ascend her throne." That Monarch, whom, even then, he regarded with the strong interest felt by the Court of Rome in all that appertains to England, he was afterwards to meet as a happy wife in Brussels; and was linked to her still later, by a celebration and a date, that of the jubilee of *her* accession to a throne of now lonely splendour, and that of *his* voluntary dedication to an unrelieved solitude of the heart.

CHAPTER III.

Peacemaker in the Provinces.

THE first public post assigned to Monsignor Pecci by Gregory XVI. was the governorship of the Province of Benevento. Brigandage was rife in the district, with other disorders—the result in part of the French invasion and of the long imprisonment of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Class was divided against class. The tillers of the soil, subject to cruel exactions, were yet unable to form combinations for their mutual protection and support. Such was the account of things sent by agents of the peasantry to the Pope King—an account which was of course impugned by the nobles, who retorted by vaguely but vehemently charging the people with laziness and a love of impracticable politics.

The Delegate began his work of pacification in his own way. "He went amongst the peasantry," says a careful writer;* "he visited them in their own homes; he questioned them and cross-questioned them about their affairs, and all this with such gentleness of manner and such deep sympathy for their hard lot, that they took courage, whereas, before, they had been full of fears,

* O'Byrne's *Lives of the Cardinals*, in *The Oseotian*.

and boldly told the history of their sufferings and wrongs. The nobles and officials next came under the Delegate's notice, their accounts were overhauled and their administration subjected to a searching examination. They were compelled to meet every precise charge that any of the peasantry chose to make against them. The accuser and the accused were brought face to face and their evidence taken by the Delegate in person. He could afford to show himself rigidly impartial, for he had under his immediate jurisdiction all the military and police forces of the district. Besides, he was too alert to be hoodwinked and too firm to be terrified. In a short time it became easy to see in what direction the judgment and sympathies of the Delegate were tending. The officials and nobles began to grow alarmed. Recourse was had to intrigue. An impeachment was carried to Rome of the Delegate's manner of procedure. 'He was undermining the legitimate authority of the lords of the soil; he was openly siding with the peasantry; he was inciting them to disrespect and disaffection towards their superiors; he slighted the aristocracy, and, indeed, snubbed them; he would not listen to the advice of the friends of good government who had a stake in the country; and, in short, he was interfering with the influence of property and position on the masses of the people. He was, in other words, a revolutionary ruler; and if he were permitted to remain in the province, Benevento would be for ever lost to the Patrimony of Peter.' These were very grave charges. But Pope Gregory refused to move or to interfere in any way. He had deliberately and with

open eyes chosen his man and was determined to trust him. Any faltering or hesitation would have been a confession of weakness, and of all things weakness would have been, just at that time, the most fatal. Consequently the Delegate was left with a free hand to work out the problem in his own way."

A number of stories, more or less to the point, are told to illustrate the energy and the impartiality with which he carried out his operations against the brigands, who seem to have terrorised the population and to have secured for themselves friends in high places. A certain noble, on whose movements invidious watch had been kept, came one day to the Delegate in a fit of injured innocence, threatening to go to Rome to bring his complaints before a higher tribunal :

"Have you given the matter enough thought ?" asked the Delegate quietly.

"Certainly," said the Marquis.

"I don't agree with you," replied Monsignor. "In these matters one cannot reflect too much, and you will therefore favour me by remaining here as my prisoner."

That night the noble's castle was surrounded, and twenty-eight brigands who enjoyed its protection were either slain or secured.

In exterminating these freebooters, Monsignor Pecci came into relations with King Ferdinand II. of Naples, who was characteristically anxious that Benevento should not continue to be a harbour of refuge for Neapolitan conspirators. In return for whatever favours Monsignor Pecci showed him, the king consented to certain adminis-

trative reforms; and offered, besides, public congratulations to the Delegate on the result of his labours. Far more precious to him than those praises must have been the gratitude which the poor people of Benevento felt—and which they showed when, the Delegate falling sick of fever and overwork, they marched bare-headed through the streets to the great Church to implore the protection of Heaven for their own deliverer.

In 1841 Monsignor Pecci was nominated Papal Delegate to Spoleto; but, before the appointment took effect, he was transferred to the more important post of governor of Perugia. The same troubles were again faced, and the same pacification was achieved. Though the prisons were sufficiently filled when he reached his seat of government, a little good management opened the doors to the captives, until a day came when there was not a single criminal out of a population of twenty thousand. Some favourite peccadillos, familiar, it may be feared, from Perugia to Peru, were brought to a period by means at once novel, sensible, and suitable to a paternal government. The bakers of the city had, it seems, a habit of selling loaves under weight. Monsignor, when he took his walks abroad one day, inspected the bakeries and had the loaves weighed by officials. Those that were short were at once taken to the Market Place and distributed to the poor. This ideal method of at once punishing the defaulter and requiting the victim was too much for the benevolence of the bakers, and they did not risk a recurrence of the confiscation.

Pope Gregory, to show his delight in his Delegate, pro-

posed to visit Perugia, an intimation which inspired Monsignor Pecci to undertake the task of repairing the highway from Rome. As a road-maker he had already had experience at Benevento, where he had opened out tracks between town and town for the development of trade. Literally, a Pontifex Maximus had Monsignor Pecci already become.

CHAPTER IV.

*Nuncio at Brussels and Visitor to
England.*

At the age of thirty-three, the Delegate, whose work was done in Perugia, was precognised Archbishop of Damietta in January 1843, and was sent as Apostolic Nuncio to Brussels. Fresh from his consecration in the Church of St. Lawrence at the hands of Cardinal Lambruschini, he proceeded, by way of Marseilles, Lyons and Namur, to the Court of King Leopold I. It was not without some misgivings that he entered the city. True, forty years ago, it had more of the old Flemish and less of the smart Parisian character than now belongs to it ; but it was a strange and to some extent an untried field to one whose horizon had been bounded, from his birth onward, by that of the States of the Church. The personality of the young Nuncio was, however, a safe passport for him wherever he went. The qualities which had won the love of the Pontiff were readily recognised by the Protestant king ; and the tact which had been triumphant over the banditti of Benevento was triumphant too at the dinner-table and in Lady Seymour's drawing-room,

and in the more Bohemian *Salon* of Charles Lever, whose house adjoined the English Embassy, and caught a stream of people coming from the Envoy's receptions which closed at eight.* At these gatherings the Archbishop of Damietta, truly *in partibus infidelium*, met the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Whately, with whom he made great friends. The loud buzz of conversation and the louder laughter which filled the room and followed the rollicking host wherever he wandered, made convenient cover for the conversation of these two quiet talkers on things theological, who were interrupted now and then by music, when Lever would sing, with a bow to the grave Nuncio, the German student's song he had translated :

"The Pope he leads a happy life,
He fears not married care nor strife,
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine ;
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But then all happy's not his life,
He has not maid, nor blooming wife ;
No child has he to raise his hope ;
I would not wish to be the Pope."

Tact, unlike the Kingdom of Heaven, comes with observation ; and the future Pontiff kept observing eyes

* It is told that, one night at dinner, a certain Marquis (perhaps the same "certain Marquis" so familiar in stories of the kind) showed the Nuncio a snuff-box, having on the cover a very lovely Venus. The men of the party watched the progress of the joke, and as for the Marquis he was choking with laughter, until the Nuncio deferentially returned the box with the remark : "Très jolie ! Est ce le portrait de Madame la Marquise ?"

on all that passed around him in the Flemish capital. The churches, the convents, the charities, and above all the schools, were constantly visited by him. His influence was already for that Literary Movement, which is the glory and in some sense the salvation of the century. Lacordaire, "keen for salvation and all that is beautiful," was even then preaching this Gospel of Letters to his countrymen in language which may, indeed, as the world grows old, be forgotten, but the influence of which shall never die: "Literature is the palladium of all true-hearted nations; and when Athens arose she had Pallas as her divinity. None save the people which are on the road to extinction refuse to recognise the value of Literature, and that because, esteeming matter beyond spirit, they cease to see light, or to feel movement. But among living nations the culture of Letters is, next to Religion, the greatest of public treasures, the aroma of youth, and the sword of manhood." This was the doctrine which the Nuncio propounded to the educationists of Brussels, and which he has since preached from the heights of Papacy to the educationists of the world.*

At the Court of the widower of the Princess Charlotte there was much to call the attention of the Nuncio to

* *Apropos* we quote from the *Oscotian*, 1887: "One of the latest acts of his reign has been to make a rule whereby the Students of the Pontifical Seminary at Rome are obliged to devote a whole year, after the completion of their theological studies, exclusively to Literature. In other words, instead of the seven years usually devoted to Higher Studies—viz., three years to Philosophy and four to Theology—candidates for the Priesthood, who study in the Pontifical Seminary will for the future make eight years of immediate preparation."

England. It is not surprising, therefore, that, before he finally left Belgium for the See of Perugia, the future Pope spent a month in London: strolled in the Park; sat in the Distinguished Strangers' gallery in the House of Commons, and heard O'Connell; looked into the print shops of Pall Mall; and, accustomed to the narrow streets of old Italian cities, was moved to admire Regent Street, we may suppose for its breadth: memories which he recalls to English visitors at the Vatican year by year. It is hard to imagine Thomas Aquinas in Holborn; but a more singular figure, in some ways, was that of this future Pope wandering down Piccadilly, and breathing, what Lord Beaconsfield called, "the best air in Europe" at the top of St. James' Street. To the boyhood of Brakespeare we must recur to see upon English soil any other predestined occupant of "the Throne of the Fisherman built by the Carpenter's son."*

* Mr. G. A. Sala gives in the *Illustrated London News*, on the authority of "a dear friend, an old resident in Rome," the often-told story that the Queen, who had been in Brussels when Mgr. Pecci was there, asked him to dine at Windsor; and others relate that his Excellency was in London the guest of Lord Palmerston. On these points, which are naturally of interest to Englishmen, Mgr. Volpini, the Pontiff's Private Secretary, courteously informs me as follows: "In 1846 the Holy Father, already nominated Archbishop of Perugia, was in London during the whole of the month of February. It is not true, however, that he stayed at Lord Palmerston's. For the first two days he was the guest of the Marquis of Lisbon, the Brazilian Minister, who had accompanied him on the voyage from Brussels to London. After that he took apartments of his own. It is true, however, that at a soirée, given by Lord Palmerston, Monsignor Pecci was present, introduced by the Austrian Ambassador, whom he had intimately known at

Monsignor Pecci knew a little English then. In Brussels he often visited the family of Mr. George Weld, of Leagram, a younger brother of Cardinal Weld, in order to "do conversation:" but the knowledge has, alas! been lost, rather than increased, by the lapse of years. Then, as now, he spoke French perfectly—so perfectly that King Leopold used to say, "I often forget that Pecci is an Italian." It was the language in which, at that time, he naturally conversed: for he was a welcome and frequent visitor in Catholic houses. The De Mèrodes were among his friends; and it was to him that Count Felix came to take advice about the career of the son, afterwards illustrious as Monsignor de Mèrode, the chosen friend of Pius IX., and so happy in being the brother-in-law of Montalembert. That great layman of his century had advised the boy to go into the army, but his advice troubled Count Felix until it was confirmed by the Nuncio. "You belong," he said to the Count, "to the great families of the country: your name is associated with the whole military history of Flanders and the Low Countries. Allow your son to follow his natural inclination for the army; who knows if he will not, like his ancestors, attain the highest military honours? He is pious and chaste: God will keep him; and his virtue will be only strengthened by trials." Reassured by this advice, Count de Mèrode presented his son at the Military College at

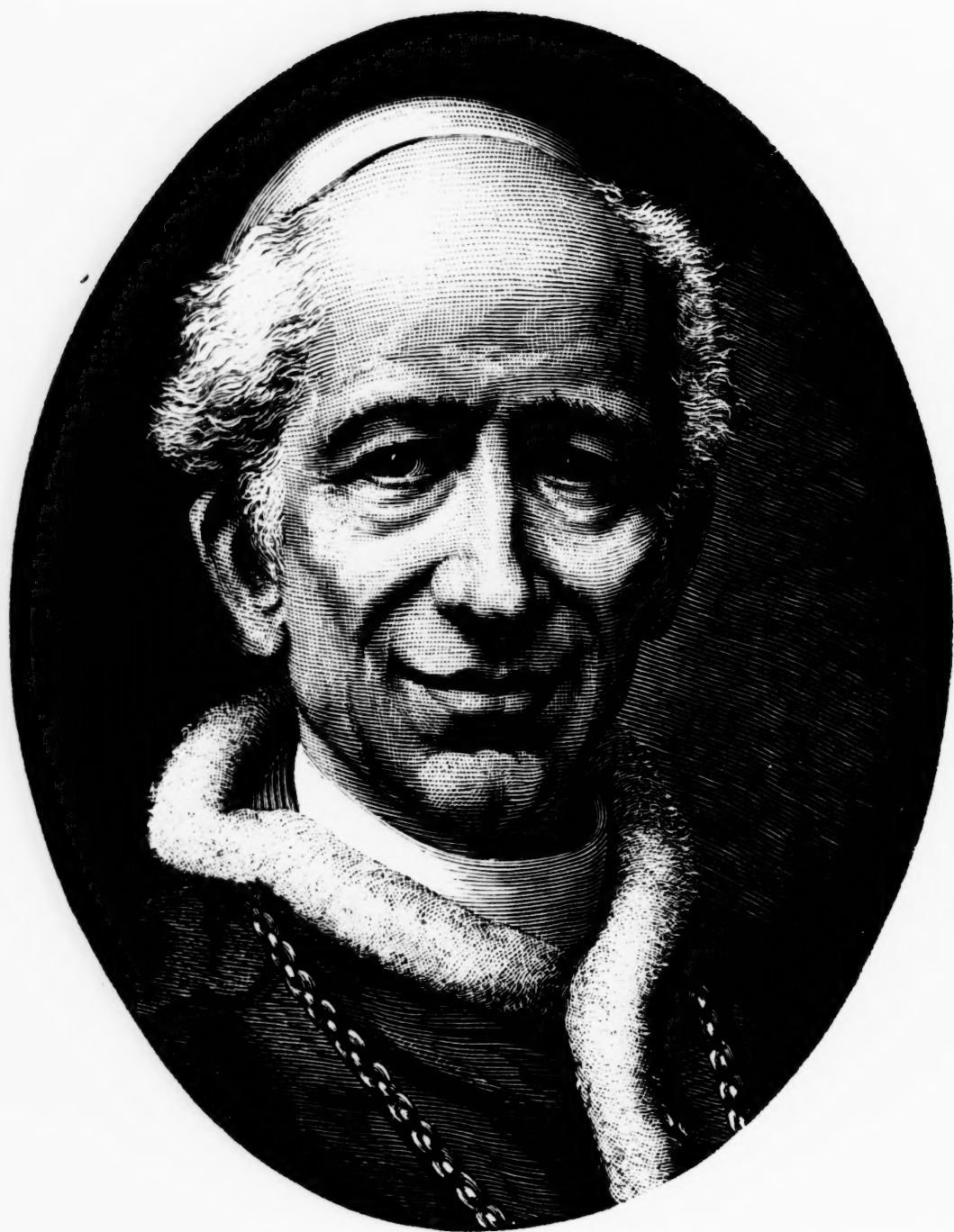
Brussels. The Holy Father witnessed a great ceremonial in which the Queen took part; and he was invited to a State reception at Court, but was not specially presented to the Sovereign because he was travelling in strict *incognito*."

Brussels, which he entered as a simple soldier in 1839, expecting to be made an officer in 1841. "The affection," says his biographer, "which he had inspired in the Nuncio made him take as deep an interest in the development of his character as his military chiefs did in his education. He passed through all his examinations with the greatest credit; while his private conduct was worthy of his name and of his faith. At night he would say his prayers kneeling at the foot of his bed; he assisted at High Mass on Sundays at the Church of St. Gudule; and in the evening he went to the house of the Nuncio. Mgr. Pecci rejoiced in his perseverance in well-doing, and congratulated himself on the advice he had given." Nor did the future Monsignor regret the life of the barrack which eventually he abandoned for that of the Church.

The Brussels episode would probably have lasted longer than it did, but for the health of the Nuncio. Almost from boyhood he had known what it was to suffer: and, at the age of twenty, he wrote on this subject some of his very literal verses which will be found on another page.

At thirty-five he was a stronger man; but, even so, the Northern climate was too much for him. For three years he had done his duty, and then he bade his adieux. "I am so sorry," said King Leopold, "that I cannot be converted; but you are so winning a theologian that I shall ask the Pope to give you a Cardinal's hat." "Ah," said the Nuncio, "but that would be a poor substitute for—since you mention it—an impression on your heart." "I have no heart," said the King. "Then on your

head," were the Nuncio's parting words, and little did Leopold dream how much feeling went with them. Bearing away with him the collar of a knight of the Order of Leopold, and a letter from the King in which the Pope was asked to make him a Cardinal, the retiring Nuncio reached Rome, after visiting Paris, Marseilles, and other places, only to find that the Pope was dead.



CHAPTER V.

Cardinal Archbishop of Perugia.

THE intentions of the Pontiff who was gone were known and regarded by the Pontiff who ruled in his place. But the ex-nuncio was permitted a few months of rest before he was nominated Archbishop of Perugia.

It was St. Anne's Day, 1846, when he entered the city to take possession of his See. He chose that day, kept very solemnly in Italy as one of the chief Saints' days of the year, in honour and memory of his mother, whose feast-day it had been. Such dates, with their long associations from remote childhood, are never like other dates to the oldest man. In England they belong to the birthdays of fathers and mothers, in Italy to their Saints' days; and doubtless to Archbishop Pecci the festival which comes in the heart of the Italian summer had all the suggestions of childish memories, and brought echoes of the hymns which the people of the mountains used to sing to their *pifferi*—hymns to the "*Verginella*" as daughter of St. Anne.

Perugia is the queen of the hill-country which has the names of Saints wedded to the names of its cities—Assisi, Cortona, Viterbo, Foligno—towns guarded by the heights, or set secure upon the hill-sides with the sunshine pouring into their steep streets. Along the solitudes of this hill-

country St. Francis walked, and it was over these uplands that he saw the sun rise and set—"our brother the Lord Sun"—to the glory of the Creator. The clear skies, with twilights as delicate and cool as dawns, of this great region of Italy have their associations also with the art of Umbria. Slender trees—such as Pietro Perugino drew—stand against the lucid blue, and the horizons are sharp though soft with air and distance. In the streets of Perugia, as the future Pope found it, there was some of the solemnity of the Umbrian mountains. As late as 1869 those streets had no gas; no carriages or carts came and went by the dim oil lamps; and the pavements on soft summer nights knew only the footsteps and the flutter of strollers, with the sound of their ceaseless Italian voices. The streets were full of people, and had suggestions now of the stage, now of some palace corridors, until one looked up by Gothic towers to the globed stars and the moon. And if Perugia was so much a city of the past on the eve of the taking of Rome, it must have been most remotely old and most intensely Italian in 1846, when the sometime civil governor went back as Archbishop.

The entry was made amid the welcomes of the people, who, indeed, had petitioned the late Pope for his appointment. Mgr. Pecci's able and faithful administration was remembered with gratitude, and before long they learnt how much more they were to owe to the piety of their Archbishop. Among the records of his rule are the building of thirty-six churches and the restoration of many others, the institution of the Academy of St.

Thomas Aquinas for priests, a reform of the means of education—a seminary being given to the Clergy, and the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, whom he had learned to revere in Brussels, being established in Perugia for the first time by his care—and the writing of two powerful letters of protest and reproof to King Victor Emmanuel. In one of these the Archbishop protested against the forcing of the law of civil marriage upon Umbria, after the Italian State had taken possession; in the other against the expulsion and spoliation of the Camaldolese Friars and other Religious Orders. For Archbishop Pecci's pastorate fell upon troubled times. It covered the whole of the national movement in Italy, 1848, 1859, 1870—three efforts of unlawful and disorderly violence, with the conspiracies of a puerile discontent and indiscipline filling up the intervals. Perugia was the centre of the ferment.

Among the Archbishop's pastorals was one on "Modern Civilization and the Church," an energetic protest against the abuse of a noble word:—

"When men," he says, "turn into mockery the word of God and His Representative on earth, it is the dictates of 'civilization' they are obeying. 'Civilization' commands them to curtail the number of churches and priests, and to multiply the houses of sin. It is 'civilization' that requires the establishment of a class of theatres in which modesty and good taste are alike unknown. In the name of 'civilization' the usurer crushes his victim with shameless exactions, and the dishonest trader heaps up his ill-gotten gains, and a filthy press contaminates the mind of its readers, and art prostitutes its powers to promote universal corruption."*

* This passage will recall to many readers a speech delivered by

In another Pastoral, the Archbishop rendered honour, as he is never tired of doing, to Science :—

“ If the universe is indeed a book on every page of which are inscribed the name and wisdom of God, it is certain that he will be most filled with the love of God, will come most near to God, who has studied this book most deeply and intently. Why should the church be jealous of the wonderful progress of our age in observation and discovery? Bacon, so eminent in science, has said, ‘ A little knowledge leads away from God, but much knowledge leads back to God.’ This golden saying is always true : and if the church fears the ruin that may be wrought by the vain ones who think they understand because they have a smattering, she has entire trust in those who apply seriously and profoundly to the study of nature ; for she knows that at the end of their search they will find God, Who in all His works reveals Himself with His attributes of Power, Wisdom, and Goodness. How splendid and majestic does man appear when he seizes the thunderbolt, and drops it harmlessly upon the ground : when he summons electricity, and sends it on the messages of his will, over the abyssmal bed of the sea, over the steep mountains, across the interminable plains ! How glorious

Montalembert in the French Chamber in 1849, in which he similarly protests against the taking-in-vain of another noble word : “ You have dethroned some kings, but more surely still you have dethroned FREEDOM. The kings have re-ascended their thrones, but LIBERTY has not re-ascended her throne, the throne which she had in our hearts. Oh ! I know well that you write her name everywhere, in all the laws, on all the walls, upon all the cornices ” (pointing to the roof), “ but in hearts her name is effaced. Yes, the beautiful, the proud, the holy, the pure and noble LIBERTY, whom we so loved, so cherished, and so served ; yes, served before you did, more than you, better than you ; this LIBERTY is not dead, but she is languid, fainting, crushed, suffocated between that which some of you call the sovereignty of the man (that is the sovereignty of evil), and that forced return towards the exaggeration of authority, which you have made a necessity for human nature, for society, and for the human heart, terrified by your excesses.”

when he bids steam fasten pinions to his shoulders and bear him with lightning speed over land and ocean ; how powerful, when by his ingenuity he seizes upon this force, makes it his captive, and conveys it by ways marvellously combined and adapted to give motion, we might almost say intelligence, to brute matter which thus takes man's place, and spares him his most wearisome toil ! Tell me if there is not in man the semblance of a spark of the Creator, when he calls upon light and bids it disperse the darkness ? But the Syllabus ? Does not the Syllabus condemn science and civilization ? No, it has not condemned true civilization, that whereby man perfects himself ; but it does condemn the 'civilization' which would 'supplant Christianity, and destroy with it all wherewith Christianity has enriched us.' "

These are words which the flock expects from its Pastor ; expressing sentiments sufficiently obvious, indeed, to Catholics, though those outside the Church seem hardly to realise that they are so ; for they are not the words of a reactionary, of one who has the futile faith that human society can differ from all else that God has made, by standing still or by returning to the dead past. Neither are they the words of one who was alone in his enlightenment or sudden in his convictions. Twelve years earlier the same clarion notes had sounded through France, from the trumpet tongue of Monsignor Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and they had been listened to with pleasure in the palace at Perugia :

"The Pope"—wrote Monsignor Dupanloup—"condemns a certain 'Progress' which is no Progress at all, a certain Civilization' which is only decadence. But true Progress, Science, Arts, Letters, Industry, Customs, Laws—all that goes to make up what is called Civilization or Society, there is not a word in the Syllabus to reprove or to hinder these. You speak to us of Progress, Liberty and Civilization, as if we were savages and

did not know the meaning of the words. But you take these grand words out of our mouth and you wrest them from their meaning. It is we who taught them to you, and who know what they mean. You can be of any form of politics you like, of any country, of any social system or community, and Catholic unity remains open to you."

When he read this, the Archbishop of Perugia took up his pen to offer to the Bishop of Orleans "his congratulations, together with those of the whole world." And when his own Perugian Pastorals appeared, the Bishop, then on the brink of the grave, read them with delight, exclaiming: "I have never thought anything else."

As to Science, the sentiments which grew with the growth of the eager Roman student who had taken a prize for Physics and Chemistry, and which found expression in the Perugian Pastorals, were afterwards to have utterance, public and private, within the walls of the Vatican. "I have always loved the students of Louvain," said his Holiness (who had visited the College during the Brussels Nunciature) to Dr. Lefevre in 1879. "Tell them to have no fear of Science; for God is the author of all Science."

Meanwhile the honours and the kindness which the Archbishop of Perugia had deserved from Leo XII. from Pius VIII., and from Gregory XVI., were continued and added to by Pope Pius IX. In 1853 Monsignor Pecci was created Cardinal, taking his title from St. Chrysogonus'. This ancient Roman Church dates its origin in the time of Constantine. In A.D. 731 it was rebuilt by Gregory III. In 1623 it underwent the universal and inevitable reconstructions of the period, at

the hands of Cardinal Scipio Borghese. Among such antiquities as time and restoration have spared, are the twenty-two columns of Egyptian granite, believed to have been brought from the Thermæ of Septimus Severus, a fragment of a mediæval mosaic in the apse, and the pavement of *opus Alexandrinum*. The church stands near the Via Lungaretta in that Trastevere which was once noted among Roman districts for its loyalty to the Popes.

For twenty-four more years the Cardinal Archbishop kept his pastoral charge in Perugia. That charge had absorbed the middle, the core, and centre of his life. Rome had had his youth, and Rome was to have his commanding and powerful old age. The life of the Cardinal had been almost as simple as a friar's; the daily Mass, long prayer, constant work, and the frugal table of an old-fashioned Italian had kept his mental and bodily vigour so high and so fresh, that when at sixty-seven he was called to the Pope's side it was not to rest that he went, but to new duties.

The residence at Perugia came to an end in July, 1877, when he accepted the office of Cardinal Camerlengo to Pius IX., a post involving presidency of the Apostolic Chamber and the chief charge of the temporalities of the Holy See. Cardinal Pecci was also member of many of the Sacred Congregations. From the summer to the next February this duty lasted. Then came another trust. At the death of the Pope it was the Camerlengo's office to render the last services, to close the eyes, to prove the death according to the old solemn formula, to preside at the magnificent obsequies. By Cardinal Pecci the much-

honoured body, benignant and kind, once in life so dear and welcome to all eyes, destined to be, three years later, hooted and hunted through the streets of Rome, was composed to its long rest.

CHAPTER VI.

Elected Pope.

IF ever "The Curiosities of History" are gathered into a volume, not the least curious chapter will be that which recounts the periodic announcements made by the newspapers for fifteen years of Pope Pius the Ninth's approaching dissolution. The announcement, to do it justice, generally came at a time of year when things journalistic were slack, and when those of our craft who "lead" on the daily papers were hard pressed to find subjects for their "leaders." For the announcement, made in the news column on the authority of a "secret chamberlain" or some other mysterious-sounding personage, that the Pontiff's life hung by a thread which must snap before many suns had set, was duly accompanied by a column which said—everyone knows the sort of thing. But when the oft predicted event came at last, at a quarter to six on the evening of the 7th of February, 1878, it came as a surprise. Till twenty hours before His Holiness's death, even his physicians did not express alarm, though the Pope himself had for five days felt that his hour was near at hand. He composed himself in the little room—a much smaller room in that great palace of salas than an ordinary Mayfair bedroom—with two beds in it, on which he was placed in turn,

two tables, on which were set his crucifix and other objects of piety, and two pictures—one of them a Madonna—which had been dear to the dying Pontiff from his youth.

In the small adjoining ante-room, with hushed movement, Cardinals and high officers came and went till all was over. Cardinal Bilio was most close in his attendance on the dying man; and the spare form of the Cardinal Camerlengo flitted hither and thither, with the whole burden of temporal care, as well as the weight of personal regret, and perhaps the shadow of a coming event, resting upon him.

We give in the words of an eye witness the memorable scenes which followed upon the death of Pius IX., and which resulted in the election of the Cardinal Camerlengo to the Papal throne. Writing from Rome on the 18th of February, he says:

These three days have been occupied by the solemn Requiems for Pius IX. celebrated by the Cardinals in the Sistine. After assisting at the Mass of the Holy Spirit in the Pauline Chapel, the conclave assembled to-day in the Sistine. The court of St. Damasus was walled in, and the *Ruota* or "turn" established—there being four *Ruote* in the whole enclosure of the Conclave. The Cardinals are much more comfortably quartered than they used to be at the Quirinal Conclaves, but they have a greater distance to traverse in going to and from the Chapel of the election, as well as immense flights of steps to ascend. Each Cardinal has three rooms in which he, and his two "Conclavists"—namely, a chaplain and a valet—eat and sleep, and in which he and his chaplain say Mass. But there is no cutting up of viands at the *Ruote* to prevent secret despatches being introduced into the Conclave, two kitchens with gas stoves having been erected within the enclosure. There are also electric bells.

Cardinal Manning's "cell" is on the third floor of the Vatican, forming part of the apartments of the Prefect of the Apostolic Palaces, once occupied by Cardinal Antonelli. The serious work of the Conclave was now to be closed to the outer world, and from the top of the *Scala dei Svizzeri* I witnessed the procession of the Hereditary Marshal of Holy Church and Guardian of the Conclave, Prince Chigi, with the Swiss guards, Noble guards, captains, and servants bearing torches. At the great door he met the Cardinal Camerlengo and the three Heads of Orders, who locked the doors on the inside, while the Marshal locked them on the outside, keeping the keys. Then Mgr. Pecci, Governor of the Conclave, made the tour of the exterior to see that every communication was closed.

The oaths were administered at half-past three in the afternoon, on the 18th of February. There were present a greater number of Cardinals than on any other occasion on record—sixty-three Cardinals and one hundred and twenty-six Conclavists. Only four, Cardinals Amat, Schwartzberg, Asquini and Carafa, had ever been in a previous Conclave; all the rest were the creations of the late Pope. Cardinal Amat was carried up the stairs to his bed within the Conclave enclosure, and Cardinal Morichini walked in with difficulty, leaning on his attendants.

Writing of the subsequent proceedings the same correspondent says :

The first scrutiny was held in the Sistine Chapel, on the morning of the 19th. Each Cardinal had a canopy over his head, which could be lowered by means of a cord, for until the election of the Pope, they were all jointly Sovereign. Each had before him a small writing table, and in front of the altar was a table for the three Cardinal Scrutators. On the altar was an immense chalice covered with the paten, and by its side the Book of the Gospels. The mode of proceeding was as follows : Each Cardinal filled up a voting paper couched in these terms—"I Cardinal So and So, elect my Lord Cardinal So and So to be Supreme Pontiff." This he folded and sealed above and below, so that only the name of the Cardinal voted for, and not his own

remained visible. Then ascending to the altar, holding aloft his voting paper and laying his left hand on the Book of the Gospels, he repeated aloud the oath—"I call to witness Christ the Lord, Who is to judge me, that I elect him whom I judge ought according to God to be elected, and that I will do the same at the accessus." He then placed the writing-paper on the Paten, which he inclined so as to slip it into the chalice. The first ballot was void, because one of the voters, contrary to the regulations, had affixed to his paper his cardinalitial mark of dignity. Towards evening the second ballot was taken; and out of sixty-one votes, Cardinal Pecci received thirty-eight, or seven more than a majority. A two-thirds majority, however, is required to elect. After the second ballot, the number of Cardinals was increased by the arrival of Cardinal Cardoso, Patriarch of Lisbon, who was admitted with due formality.

On the following day, February 20th, the third and decisive ballot was taken, and Cardinal Pecci was elected by forty-four out of the total sixty-two votes. The Dean of the Sacred College at once asked the chosen one if he would accept the Supreme Pontificate, to which Cardinal Pecci replied that he was all unworthy of the honour, but as the Conclave had chosen him, relying on Divine assistance and submitting to God's will, he would do so. To the inquiry how he would be known as Pope, he answered that he would take the name of Leo XIII., in memory of Leo XII., for whom he had always entertained a singular veneration. He was then taken by the two Cardinals to the altar, and after a short prayer was led behind the altar, when having taken off his cardinalitial ring and put on the white stockings, red velvet shoes, white cassock, crimson velvet mozetta, stole and white skull cap, the new Pontiff came forth, blessed the Cardinals for the first time, and took his seat on the *sedia gestatoria*, which, since the beginning of the Conclave, had been standing ready near the altar. There His Holiness, received the "obedience" of the Cardinals, each kissing his foot hand, and either cheek. The Fisherman's ring was immediately afterwards placed on the Pope's finger and then by him withdrawn and returned that his name might be engraved inside. The officers of the Conclave having then been admitted to offer

their homage, the first Cardinal Deacon asked permission to proclaim the Pope. This proclamation—" *Papam Habemus*"—took by surprise the crowd assembled at St. Peter's, who, at half-past twelve, almost made up their minds that there would be no decision that day. The Conclave remained closed, at the Pope's request, until four o'clock, which gave the Cardinals an interval of repose. His Holiness retired to his cell to dine, and at half-past four he reappeared. Then came the solemn ceremony of the first benediction. The centre loggia of the façade of St. Peter's has two windows, one looking out to the city and the world, whence the blessing was pronounced by the other Popes; the other looking into the vast interior of the church; and here Leo XIII. appeared, with the College of Cardinals about him, to raise his hand in benediction for the first time over the people of Christ. The whole basilica, up to the Confession of the Apostle, was one mass of heads, the people being packed so closely as to be unable to kneel. The Pope knelt down against the balcony, and hid his face in his hands, and there was a dead silence. When he rose to his feet a cry burst forth which rang through the great space, of "Viva Papa Leone!" The Cardinals having raised their hands to obtain silence, the Holy Father intoned in a voice, powerful and sonorous, though somewhat tremulous with feeling, the "*Sit Nomen Domini benedictum*," and gave the Pontifical blessing, the responses coming from the multitude below and from the Canons at the door of the Chapel of the Choir where Vespers had just been sung. Then amid new acclamations the Pope blessed the people again with the sign of the Cross, and departed. Italian gunners at Sant' Angelo were ready at their guns to fire a salute if the Pope had appeared upon the exterior loggia.

Was the name of Cardinal Pecci as that of the elect of the Sacred College a surprise to Rome? Evidently not. An Italian paper had published his portrait as that of the "Favourite," and when in more reverent language the chances were discussed his name came first, followed by those of Cardinals Canossa, Monaco, Bilio, Simeoni,

Martinelli, Franchi, and Mertel. But the wise ones said that precisely because an election was likely it became unlikely, quoting the proverb of the proverb-loving Romans: "*Chi entra Papa esce Cardinale.*" In the light of subsequent events it is curious to read the note made at the time: "All parties declare their satisfaction. The Italian Government and those of its partisans who call themselves conservatives entertain hopes which they will no doubt find to be delusive, but the fact is that they are pleased for the present, and so, we are told, is Prince Bismarck."

The days following the election were almost absorbed by the ceremonies of homage repeated again and yet again by the Cardinals, amid reiterated vesting and unvesting of the New Pontiff. In these days, too, were given the first audiences to Ambassadors, Prelates, and Princes. A little more began to be known of Leo XIII. And first it became evident that he intended to remain in the seclusion of the Vatican. In his capacity as Camerlengo he had ordered the Papal carriages to be got ready in case the new Pope should choose to go to the Lateran to take possession of his Episcopal See; being himself the new Pope he did not use them. As Camerlengo, too, Cardinal Pecci had taken care that the illness of Pius IX. should not be made the pretext for neglect and peculation in the Vatican; he had forbidden the customary waste of the provisions laid in for the Conclave; and these signs foretold a Pontificate of firm control.

Pius VII. and Leo XIII. are the only Popes who

have not been crowned in the loggia of St. Peter's, since 1555. Austria in 1800 held the Holy See under threats, and refused to allow the Coronation at St. Mark's in Venice, where the Conclave had been held, and Pius VII. received the crown in a small church apart. Leo XIII. assumed it in his own Sistine Chapel, secure but isolated in his own estranged city. The correspondent already quoted writes on Sunday the 3rd of March, the day of the Coronation :

Up to Friday it had been intended that the Coronation should take place in the loggia of St. Peter's, opened to the church. The great centre window was taken out, and preparations were far advanced for the erection of a great throne above the balcony, and preparations were actively going forward for the accommodation of the people and the protection of the basilica. But on Friday evening all the works were stopped, and all signs of a great function in the church disappeared. It is said—and denied—that the Italian Government had just sent word that not having received any notice of the election they did not intend to take any measures to prevent disturbance, and that if the Vatican authorities held the Coronation in St. Peter's they must do so at their own risk. The Holy Father decided that no risk should be run. At the eleventh hour, however, the Italian authorities seem to have been visited with some misgivings, for early on the morning of the Coronation a small detachment of infantry was stationed, with piled arms, under the colonnade of the Piazza, and soldiers were posted by twos and threes within St. Peter's.

Everything was done within the Sistine and the adjacent halls. In the chapel were the diplomatic corps, the Roman nobles, and most of the foreign Catholics of distinction, amounting altogether to perhaps three or four hundred persons. The Sala Ducale was fitted up as a chapel, and represented that of St. Gregory in St. Peter's, where on these occasions Tierce was sung, and the first "obedience" of cardinals and bishops rendered to the Pope.

When this was over, the procession began to issue into the Sala Regia on its way to the Pauline Chapel for the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and the *coup d'œil* was very fine as the Pope was borne out into the fuller light of the Sala Regia, clad in full pontifical vestments, and the "precious" mitre; he appeared above the heads of all in the rays of the Roman morning sun, backed by the *flabelli*, a gorgeous picture, framed by the door of the Sistine. The nave was kept absolutely clear for the wide and long *cortège*, and when the *sedia gestatoria*, under its enormous canopy, had arrived at the point half-way between the door of the chapel and the *cancello*, it stopped, and a clerk of the chapel, bearing a pole surmounted by three iron prongs, lighted at a taper the piece of tow remaining on one of them, and kneeling in front of the Holy Father, as the flame blazed up and as suddenly expired, chanted for the third time in a plaintive minor, "*Pater sancte sic transit gloria mundi.*" The animated face of Leo XIII. assumed a grave expression, he slightly bent his head, and leaned back in his throne with the look of one to whom the solemn truth was by no means strange. The splendid pageant moved on, and reached the foot of the altar, where, seated on the *sedia* placed on the ground and facing the altar, the Pope began the Mass. After the *confiteor*, His Holiness ascended to the altar, and as he knelt on the top step the first cardinal deacon invested him with the pallium. The Pope then ascended to his throne, and the long ceremony of homage began again, while the wonderful music of the Kyrie beat in waves upon the ear, and seemed to die away among the awful forms that crowd the walls and roof of the chapel. The Mass then went on, with some peculiarities, being the special Mass for the Coronation. The collect which the Pope sang was for himself: "*Me famulum tuum quem Ecclesiæ tuæ præesse voluisti—*" and the Gospel was that of the giving of the keys. And after the epistle had been sung in Greek as well as in Latin, the first cardinal deacon stood at the foot of the altar, with the consistorial advocates in lines to his right and left. The cardinal sang—"Exaudi Christe," and the response was—"Domino nostro Leoni, a Deo decreto summo Pontifici et universali Papæ vita." This was repeated three times, and certain invocations with a short litany followed with repetitions. After this the

Mass proceeded as usual, and the Pope communicated on his throne, as he always does when he celebrates pontifically, the sacred elements being brought to him. After the pontifical benediction and the last gospel, the Holy Father left his maniple on the altar, but with all the other Papal vestments returned, after resting for a few minutes in the sacristy, to his throne. Then the choir began to sing Palestrina's famous motett "*Corona aurea*;" after which Cardinal di Pietro intoned special versicles and prayer. The cardinal deacon removed the mitre, and Cardinal Mertel placed the golden tiara, shining with jewels, on the head of the new Pontiff pronouncing the words of coronation: "*Accipe tiaram tribus coronis ornatam, et scias te esse patrem principum et regum, rectorem orbis, in terra Vicarium Salvatoris Nostri Domini Jesu Christi, cui est honor et gloria in sæcula sæculorum.*" A loud amen from all present rolled through the chapel, the sound of a mortar was heard without, and at this signal the bells of St. Peter's and of all the churches announced to the city that a new Pope was crowned.

Then came the Apostolic benediction, given by the Pope on his throne in the full form of the Easter benediction from the loggia. The voice of Leo XIII. was loud and strong, in spite of the great fatigue he had gone through; and when his tall, slight form arose, and he lifted up his arms to Heaven, his attitude and gesture were most impressive. The Indulgence was then published by a cardinal, and the procession left the chapel. Mace-bearers, bussolanti, private chamberlains, prelates, penitentiaries, Bishops, Latin, Greek, and Armenian, the Cardinals in their order (the English and American Cardinals walked side by side), the Greek Deacon and sub-Deacon of the Mass, the Deacon and sub-Deacon, the assistants at the throne, more noble guards; and then came the gorgeous chair, backed by the *flabelli*, and bearing aloft a crowned and shining form, looking truly Pontifical and princely, but very tired, giving his blessing as he floated over the throng upon its knees.

So with rites unmaimed, albeit in a kind of captivity, Leo XIII. received the crown of the Popes.

CHAPTER VII.

At the Vatican.

THE first acts of the new Pope were in strict accord with all the facts of his former life. A man whose mental and spiritual history is not like that of so many of his contemporaries—is not one of conversions and surprises, he seems, with the advance of life, to have enlarged merely the scope of his operations, and not to have changed any of the motives or the methods that had grown with his growth. What the boy and the student, the nuncio and the archbishop, had been, that the Pope continued to be. A creature of slow and orderly evolution, not of impulse, he has all his past to support and to strengthen him ; and the future can unfold nothing to daunt him—nothing he will hesitate to measure by the eternal principles he learned at his mother's knee, and never swerved from during all his pious youth. If Waterloo was won upon the playground at Eton, so were the diplomatic successes of Monsignor Pecci in Benevento and in Brussels, and the victories of Pope Leo in Berlin, achieved within the library at Carpineto and the halls of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics in Rome.

All this was well understood by those who had personal

knowledge of the new Pope. It was with confidence and faith therefore, rather than with hope, that his fellow Cardinals elected him their leader and chief; and, away from Italy, this sentiment soon found expression. The Bishop of Orleans, for instance, awaited the news of the Conclave's decision, and one night the fateful telegram came. "Triumphantly, joyously I ran towards the Bishop," says the Abbé Lagrange, "with the blue paper in my hand. 'Monsignor, grand, good news—the Pope is elected!' 'But who?' 'Cardinal Pecci.' 'Ah!' he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'let us bless and thank God.'" England was soon made aware of the new Pontiff's dispositions; for one of his first acts was to restore the Hierarchy to Scotland, and then, a little later, to give England another Cardinal in the person of Father Newman. The creation of Scotch Bishops with titles taken from the soil was an official duty inherited from his predecessor, whose devising it was; but the honouring of Cardinal Newman was a personal pleasure as well as an official interest. In a speech made in Birmingham at the end of the year 1880, his Eminence, after speaking of Pope Leo's predecessor, went on to say: "Yet, I believe, wonderful as was the mode and the effect with which Pius preached our holy religion, we have not lost by his being taken away. It is not decorous to praise the living; it is not modest to panegyrisé those whom rather one should obey; but in the successor of Pius I recognise a depth of thought, a tenderness of heart, a winning simplicity, a power answering to his name, which keeps me from lamenting that Pope Pius is no longer here."

Comparisons between the two Pontiffs were of course the order of the day. Pope Leo himself may, in a sense, be said to have set the fashion. "Venerable brethren," he said, in his first allocution to his Cardinals, "as soon as we were called to assume the government of the Church, we felt ourselves moved by the greatest apprehension on account of our own unworthiness to bear so great a burden—the more so on account of the splendid and illustrious fame of our predecessor, Pius IX. That great pastor of the flock of Christ, always combating energetically for truth and justice, and sustaining the great burden of the administration of the entire Church, not only made this Apostolic Chair more resplendent by his virtues, but won from all his children their love and admiration. And, as he surpassed the whole line of Roman Pontiffs in the length of his reign, so may we say he surpassed all in the public testimonials of sympathy and veneration he received."

But the change of men on a throne so eternal as the Pope's, though so interesting in many ways, and so momentous in some, is not perhaps so significant as might at first sight appear. To the average Protestant, for instance, one Pope is hardly distinguishable from another, whatever his personality may be. "I wonder what Newdegate thinks of the new Pope," said one member of Parliament to another; whereupon the member addressed threw off these light lines:

"A Pope upon the Tiber's brim,
Pius or Pecci, fat or thin,
'The Scarlet Lady' is to him,
And he is nothing more."

The sentiment has some philosophy in it, too ; and it finds Catholic expression in the graver lines Father Bridgett wrote underneath a fatuous extract from the columns of an evening newspaper :

PIUS IX. AND LEO XIII.

“The palpable fact that Pope Leo is a man of a wholly different stamp from Pope Pius will strain to the utmost the principle of Papal infallibility. If successive infallible Popes can differ as widely as the two Cardinals last elevated to the Papacy, the believing Roman Catholic is thrown back on an absolutely mechanical theory of inspiration ; the Pope becomes a merely passive channel for the influence of the Holy Spirit, which breathes through him exactly in the same way, be he called Mastai Ferretti or Pecci, Medici or Borgia.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*, March 26, 1878.

Were Amos and Isaias both alike ?
 Yet both the lyre of prophecy could strike.
 Were Paul and Peter partners of one net ?
 Yet in one faith and martyrdom they met.
 If men inspired could teach in prose or verse,
 In lofty psalmody or proverbs terse,
 Could sing of war or pastoral tales indite,
 Now codes of law and now epistles write,
 Why should our Popes in aught but truth concur—
 Be less of men, though guided not to err ?

The history of the Pontificate—of the official acts of the head of the Church as teacher and as peacemaker, we exclude from the scope of this sketch. Illustrious pens have been at work to supplement with the weightier matters of the law this outline of the person of the law-giver. But of the Man of the Vatican, of his mode of daily life, and of the impression which he makes on those who have access to him, something remains to be said.

Great changes were made by the new Pope as to the domestic arrangements of the Vatican. He brought, indeed, the routine of the Pontifical household into harmony

with that personal simplicity which is not more striking in him than it was in his predecessor. Pius the Ninth ate the same Spartan dinner, but he was too gentle and good natured to abolish the sinecures which had existed so long under him. Pope Leo, free from these personal ties, did not see why a perspective of kitchens and an army of cooks should be daily in labour for the production of that *ridiculus mus*, his dinner.

The daily life of the Pontiff has been described more than once by those who can do so with accuracy. I have before me the following account written in 1882 :

After his Mass, which he says early, Leo XIII. gives audience to Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State, whose political learning is rare even in those of his official position. His place is then taken by the Cardinal Secretary of Ecclesiastical Affairs, and by the Congregations of Cardinals, each of which has its fixed day. These several councils sometimes occupy the whole morning, until one hour after mid-day. The Pope's dinner! A few minutes suffice for its consumption. While he takes the air in the gardens—generally in his carriage—he usually reads the Bishop's reports, all of which come direct into his own hands, the despatches from the Nunciatures, and especially any news from Belgium. That little kingdom, which has broken its diplomatic relations with the Holy See, is particularly near his heart. For it is there that he himself was Nuncio from 1843 to 1846, and there that he studied at close quarters a great politician, Leopold I. Towards four o'clock the Pope gives his private and public audiences, and the later hours are devoted to the reception of Bishops. This long day over, Leo XIII. regains the solitude of his own closet. Then at last he is able to begin work.

Tall, thin, spare, with his pale and deeply lined face, the Pope usually has delicate health, of which he takes small care. His austerity is extreme. The spiritual sovereign of two hundred millions of Catholics does not spend a hundred francs a month

for his table. The energy of a strongly developed nervous system alone enables him to resist the fatigue of his labours and of his vast responsibilities. At times those about him perceive a moment of exhaustion and collapse ; but a little happiness, a piece of good news, or a pleasant telegram, restores the life of his worn frame. Suddenly well again, he takes up once more his heavy burden, and betakes himself to that work of reconciliation and peace-making to which he has devoted himself.

He is always grave, or rather, solemn ; always the Pope. The Italians call his manners and surroundings very serious. Gravity is inherent in his nature, as those aver who have known him from his earliest youth. He never abandons himself, laughs rarely. He might be thought stern did he not temper his severity by the patient attention with which he listens—without interruption—to all who speak to him. His audiences are far less frequent than were those of Pius IX., but for that very reason they take up more time. He has not the brilliant side so noticeable in his predecessor, the genial ease, the fine good humour which endured notwithstanding the surprising vicissitudes of the last Pontificate ; nor the frank, bold, and genial speech, full of witty and happy words, thrown off in that sonorous voice which Pius IX. retained to his extreme old age. Leo XIII. is as slow of speech as the Archbishop of Paris. But if neither the Pope nor the Cardinal has received the orator's gift, each has been endowed with the author's. Perhaps this similarity explains the special sympathy and esteem which the Pope entertains towards Mgr. Guibert.

The pastorals in which the Archbishop of Perugia was wont to demonstrate the harmony of faith and reason, of religion and civilization, "growing like the flower and fruit from the root of Christianity," were much noticed by Italian publicists. The prelate loved to treat of the questions of the day and of modern society. The illustrious Bonghi said of him, that his was "one of the most finely balanced and most vigorous of characters ;" that he was "a man who had realized the ideal of a Cardinal such as St. Bernard conceived it." Since the eighteenth century, since the time of Benedict XIV. and Clement XIV., Rome has not seen a Pope of so cultivated a mind, so accomplished in Latin and Tus-

can verse, so familiar at once with classic and with contemporary Letters. At the present time, the two qualities which Leo XIII. most prizes, and aims most constantly at securing in his own writings, are simplicity and moderation. His letters, his encyclicals, all are submitted to the Sacred College. Nothing is more admirable than the manner in which he elicits opinions and weighs objections. He has been known to completely re-write, after grave debates, encyclicals which he had already completed. As he suffers from sleeplessness, it is generally in the night hours that he composes his most important works.

It is by this active life, the monotony of which would frighten many a statesman, that the Holy Father is able to manage directly, in all their immensity of detail, the affairs of the Church. Those affairs have multiplied greatly since the first third of the century. More than a hundred bishoprics have been founded in America. Pius IX. wrote little; he inspired the writings of others. Leo XIII. has his own hand in all, sees all with his own eyes, and directs all. Moderation, which, with austerity, is the dominant note in the Sovereign Pontiff's conduct, and which he has made into a law for himself, has borne its fruits.

This was written by a Frenchman. Two years later, in 1884, a correspondent wrote to the *Germania* :—

At six he rises, at seven celebrates Mass, after having spent some time in contemplation. After Mass follows a period of prayer and praise. At eight the decisions of his Congregations and his other correspondence are attended to, and at eleven several audiences are given. The Pope receives the Ministers and Ambassadors, the pilgrims of all classes and countries. Then at 12.30 he takes a walk in the gardens of the Vatican, generally accompanied by a prelate and two of the guard. In case of inclement weather or indisposition, Leo XIII. drives through the grounds in a carriage which has been specially built for the purpose. The Pope dines at two o'clock; his mid-day meal lasts not longer than half an hour, and is very frugal, consisting of soup, one kind of meat, two dishes of vegetables, some fruit, and

by the doctor's orders a glass of claret. After a short rest, the Pope works in his private study till the hour when he receives the prefects and secretaries of the different Congregations, with whom he discusses the affairs of the Church. The papers from different countries are brought to him at eight o'clock ; the French and Italian papers he reads himself ; interesting articles from English and German papers are translated for him. At 9.30 he performs his evening devotions, and at ten partakes of his supper, consisting of soup, an egg, and some salad. Then he withdraws into his private room.

The portraits of the Pontiff published in these pages represent him over a period of some years, as Archbishop of Perugia, and as Archbishop of the world. The profile portrait is perhaps the most characteristic of all ; but it must have been the full-face, and something in expression, rather than in feature, which has suggested to some observers a resemblance between the Pontiff and Voltaire, between the Pontiff and the Curé D'Ars, between the Pontiff and John Wesley—a likeness which, if it really existed, might indeed puzzle the physiognomist. The expression of the Pope is so vivid and varying as to render him a difficult subject for the few painters to whom he has sat. One of these, Mr. Thaddeus, the first Englishman since Sir Thomas Lawrence to paint a Pontiff—has given me the following notes of his impressions of his sitter :

Pope Leo XIII. is of medium height. His attenuated figure is bent by study and the weight of years ; but in every movement he is astonishingly quick and energetic. His head is a most remarkable one, once seen never to be forgotten, with its

every feature out of strict proportion, yet with the harmony of the whole. The small, bright, rapid eyes set close together, denote "the man who is ever on the search;" the largely developed aquiline nose, a capacity for domination. The mouth, when under a pleasing influence, forms into an exceedingly wide sweet smile, its benevolent expression brightening the whole face, and supplying the benignity which is less observable in the eyes. The ears, like the hands and feet, are exceptionally large and long. The skin is so thin—a rare thing with Italians, and much admired by them as a sign of high breeding—that a perfect network of blue veins (the "blue blood") is visible over all the white ascetic face. His Holiness is gifted with the fire and impulse of youth without its accompanying physical strength, and feels keenly the disabilities of age. When he saw my portrait for the last time he thoughtfully remarked its look of years, and advised me to remember when painting another Pope (?) that "Popes are of no age." I thoroughly appreciated the *finesse* of the phrase, and only regretted that a painter could hardly give it practical effect. During long functions the Holy Father's muscular force almost entirely gives way, but by a nervous effort he will raise himself from time to time straight as an arrow.

Those who have had the privilege of private audiences of late, and those who are still more favoured by the friendship of His Holiness, have found him in better health under the burdens of his age and office than he ever enjoyed in the past. It is said that since he came to the throne he has not passed two consecutive days in bed. His singular energy of manner is unimpaired, and he keeps an old kindly habit of holding the hands of those to whom he speaks. It is with difficulty that they succeed in performing some interrupted homage, so eager is the Pope, in

his usual mood, to shorten forms. At other times, if he has anything to say which presses for utterance, he speaks while pacing quickly to and fro before his kneeling visitor, but pauses now and then to hold out the friendly and fatherly hands. There is, indeed, frequently with him a sense of motion—movement of body and of thought—by which his dignity and superior peace lose nothing. The following is the simple recital, made by an American girl, of adventure at the Vatican :—

Well aware of the great difficulty of obtaining an audience, and seeing that others had waited for months with no result—being told, moreover, that no opportunity of being specially presented to His Holiness would occur during my visit to Rome—I made no effort in the matter. A week passed—then ten days—then a day or two more. But on a Friday morning I was met by a beaming smile on the face of that very good-looking mail clerk at the banker's, and by the intelligence that something I would like had been left there for me. It was an invitation to be present on the following Sunday morning at the Pope's Mass in the Sala Mathilde (of the Vatican), and accompanying the invitation was my introducer's visiting card, with a line written on it to the effect that probably the Holy Father would converse with those present after the Mass.

At seven o'clock on Sunday morning, dressed *de rigueur* in black, with a lace scarf thrown on my head and tied loosely in front, with no gloves, I took my way in a fiacre to the Vatican. Presently I was rolling over the bridge of Sant' Angelo, past the gray fortress, and up the narrow borgo to the Piazza of St. Peter's, and, skirting the great colonnade to the right, to the bronze doors of the palace. There the Swiss Guard received me, an attendant took my cloak (since it would be a breach of etiquette to go wrapped into the Pope's presence), and I left the magnificent royal stairway on my left to ascend one plainer,

mounting, mounting till I reached the court of St. Damasus, then to the loggia enriched by Raphael's genius, and so into the Sala Mathilde, arranged as a private chapel. The loggie are the wide glass-enclosed galleries running around the great court at each storey, and it is through them one is introduced into the picture gallery and on the other side to the Pope's apartments.

The room in which I now found myself was not so large as many I saw afterwards, but was handsomely tapestried on three walls, while the end at which the altar was placed was lighted by two tall windows. Benches placed very close together accommodated, as well as I could judge, about 250 people. It is customary to kneel when the Pope is present, but at the altar he is the simple priest, and etiquette, as far as the man is concerned, is out of place. One of the Noble Guard was stationed at each end of the altar while the Pope said Mass. When he had done he was relieved of his vestments, which were all white. He then knelt on a priedieu beside the altar, praying fervently, while the chaplain said a Mass of thanksgiving. Afterwards, the Holy Father, with some difficulty, made his way through the crowded room, gently detaching himself from those endeavouring to touch his dress or kiss his hands, and took his seat in a sedan chair out in the loggia, where each one passed before him, kissed his hand, and received his blessing, but in complete silence, as the least infringement of the rule would have opened the way to a long and fatiguing effort on the part of His Holiness.

I asked the Chamberlain who was marshalling the line whether the few words on the card of my friend, the representative of the French minister, entitled me to an audience and speech of the Holy Father. The Chamberlain to whom I spoke begged me to pass on in the line and then to return to him for any information he could give me. Following, therefore, in my turn, I knelt as the others had done, and again received the blessing. After the Holy Father had been carried out of our sight once more, the Chamberlain, who evidently remembered my wish, gave me an opportunity to speak with him, and carefully examined the card I held. He said he did not know if

I were entitled to any special privileges, but that Mgr. Macchi would soon be passing out of the guard room, and if I had no objection to waiting for a few moments, he would tell me quite certainly. It was a very short period of anxiety before his return to tell me Monsignor would be pleased to see me if I would follow him. There was slight time left for the indulgence of diffidence, for in a moment I was ushered into an ante-chamber where Monsignor stood listening to the requests of two Passionist monks.

He soon dismissed them and then came to me with an expression of cordial interest. The smile with which he greeted me was so reassuring that I answered all his questions as frankly as he put them. They were about myself. "I was alone in Rome?" "No, not alone, though my father could not accompany me to the Vatican on account of his infirmities." "Was I a Catholic, and my father also?" "Yes. I had been one from my birth. My father, an American officer, was a convert; my mother had always been a Catholic, and the right had never been refused her to bring up her children in her own faith." "Had I been present at the Mass and received the Holy Father's blessing and kissed his hand?" I said yes, but my great desire was, if it were not presuming too far, to be spoken to by His Holiness, just a few words, and to have a special blessing laid upon some religious articles I carried in my hand.

"You shall see him," said Monsignor. "Yes, though he is fatigued and it is late in the morning. He has been up and busy since dawn, but if any one sees him now, you shall." And so I too followed when Monsignor led the way into the great audience chamber, where I seated myself to wait, thinking, of course, that the Holy Father would come in there soon to the few ladies who waited, apparently for the same purpose as myself. There were about four others.

Monsignor stood at a door at the upper end of the room, and presently I began to realize what was in store for me when I saw a lady go through that door. She reappeared in such a short space of time I thought she could hardly have added much to her experience in the loggia. But I had no time for

speculation. With a slight gesture, so peculiar that I could only guess at its meaning, Monsignor signed to me to follow, and preceded me rapidly into another room, where I recovered from the first shock of amazement and awe to hasten after him to the foot of the throne—miles away it seemed to my faltering steps—for there, indeed, at the extreme end of a long, long chamber, were again the white-robed figure, the pale face, the hazel eyes so full of kindly interest in what the reverend secretary was repeating to him in his presentation of me. “And she speaks either French or English,” I heard as I reached the dais, and then I knew that I was quite alone with my spiritual sovereign; that I knelt at his feet and held his hand; that everything of curiosity or fear was slipping from me and leaving in its place a tender reverence, an awe, indeed, but the awe inspired by love, devotion, perfect confidence—that of a child at her father’s knee. I had troubled myself a little to remember the requirements of etiquette as to titles, conduct, not turning one’s back on retiring, even the curtsy I had practised mentally, but the moment I had looked into the clear eyes, so deep, so true, so sympathetic, I entirely forgot everything. He was *mon père* for the rest of the interview.

He addressed me at once in French, speaking it with a charming purity of accent and phrasing, and asked me many questions about myself, my home, and family, my father and mother, not as a perfunctory act of politeness, but with a real interest that looked for and received the utmost candour in the answers.

“What?” he said, “all the way from America! But surely not alone?”

“No, but my father is too infirm to kneel, and he would not ask an exemption which would seem to imply a disrespect to your presence.”

There was fullest sympathy in the half-breathed “Ah! then you, my child, will take to him my special blessing, will you not?”

Then there were more questions all the while that he left his hand in mine to be kissed again and again, and when I begged

for his blessing to take to my friends and my family at home, and that he should lay his hand on the crucifix and rosaries I carried, all for those same dear ones from whom I felt so very far away, he consented fully and quickly, saying also he would pray for some others I spoke of who had strayed, and then he laid one hand on my head, praying silently, but long and fervently, over the daughter whose heart he had bound to his in an allegiance inalienable for evermore.

At his gesture of dismissal I rose from my knees and retired full of an emotion that drove to my eyes the happy tears, and precluded for the time being all anxiety as to the propriety of my behaviour. I could see Monsignor smiling at me from the doorway when I returned to the knowledge that I was decidedly not following any rule of etiquette in my progress toward him and away from the Holy Father, and I turned to curtsy just as I heard the gentle voice again :

"My child, do not forget to take my blessing very particularly to your father !"

My low bow ended by my dropping on one knee ; then a hasty retreat took me speedily to where Monsignor was waiting so patiently.

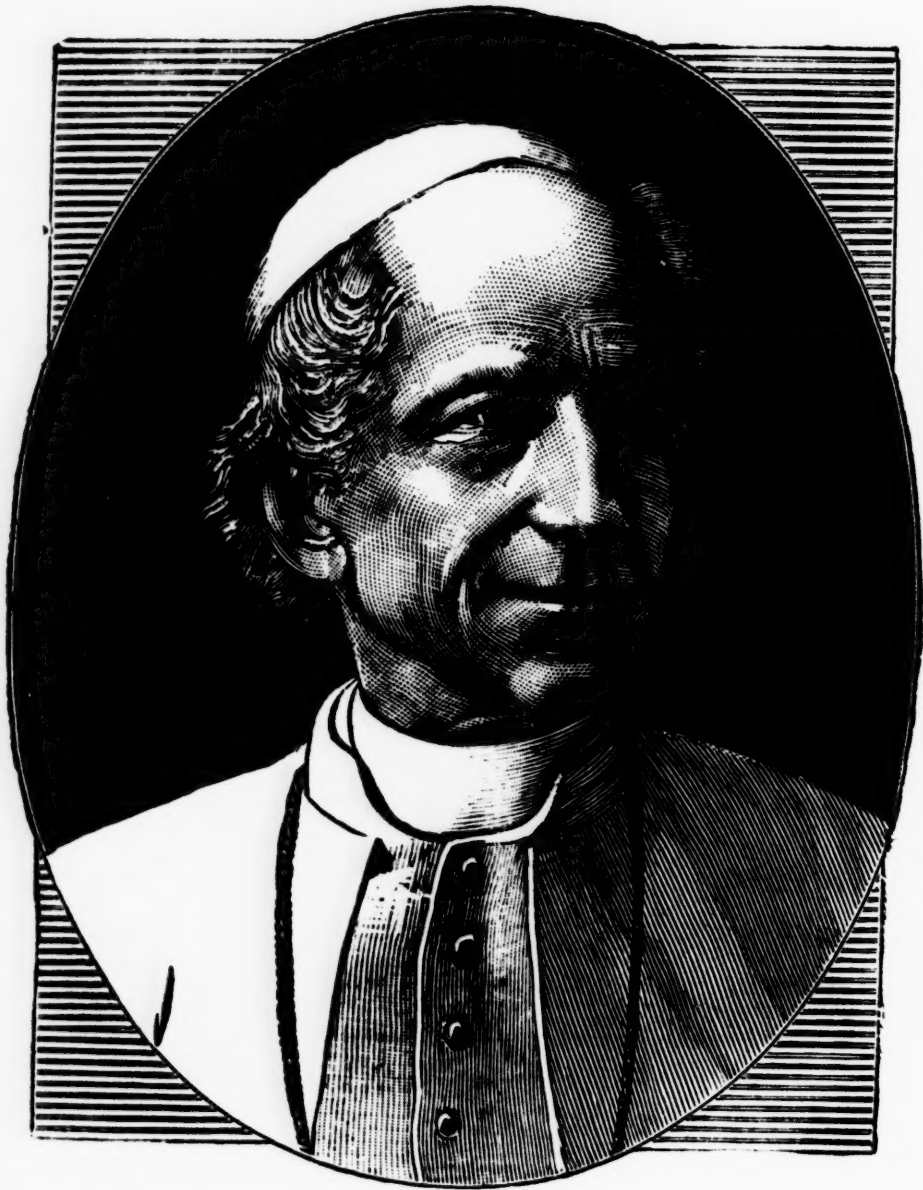
The gentleman-in-waiting who had brought me in, now preceded me again as I traversed a second time the great rooms of the private apartment, but this time he walked out backward before me. Had I not been in the presence ? The guards in the outer room rose and bowed at my entrance, and those on duty at the doors showed their interest plainly. And then the uproar of congratulation at the breakfast table, warmest from the ones who had missed what I had won ; my father's quiet pride and happiness in my delight, and the happiness, too, I had in the message I brought him. But standing out clear and sharply defined from these surroundings, while the touch of a holy hand still lingers on my head, are a slight, frail form, a thin face, pale and full of intellect, a tender smile, a glance of warm interest out of eyes that compel confidence and truth, and that now, I know, are looking out into the world for every means to reconcile his children, to lay upon the heads and hearts of all

who will receive, the blessing which brings the peace that passeth understanding.

The pleasant trivialities of a young girl's experiences are perhaps such as best bear description in what is seen of Leo XIII. The labours of a Pope and the burdens of his supreme office on earth are in a sense beyond the reach of record. The points on which his life touches the lives of his people are their own little affairs, their interests, the hopes, prayers, and destinies of units in the millions that obey him. None of these are too personal or too minutely domestic to win the ear of the Father of his peoples. As for the Pope's own affairs, they are hardly such as the man, woman, or child who kneels at his feet can give the world a glimpse of. The globe, with continents and isles, deserts and plains, the "summer of the world" in the broad tropics, its winter in the narrowing poles, the long rivers that flow from the snows of the north to the gold and sapphire seas of the south, dark continents, barbaric empires—these form the outward scene of the spiritual world which lies under the eyes of the Bishop of Bishops. The whole human tragedy played out in the theatre of the world is before him. And his is not only the distant view which comprehends its vastness, but the near sight which examines its intimate details. The Pope must know special, as well as general things; local matters smaller than those of an empire's colonies—the colonies of *his* spiritual empire being the solitary missions in corners of the earth—and matters far more enormous than the interests of

old Rome or of modern England. The flocks of Gods' people on a thousand hills are "sheep of his hand." His is the only empire in the world upon which the sun not only never sets—that is a small and transitory glory— but on which the sun never will set until it is turned into darkness.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.



CHAPTER VIII.

“Thou Art Peter.”

THE first words of Leo XIII. to the Episcopate of the Universal Church were full of sorrow :

“Raised up, though unworthy, by the inscrutable counsel of God to the height of the Apostolic dignity, we felt ourselves at once constrained by a vehement desire, and as if by necessity, to speak with you by letters, not only to show you our heartfelt affection, but also by the office divinely intrusted to us, to confirm you, who are called to share a part of our solicitude, in sustaining with us our warfare for the Church of God, and for the salvation of souls. From the outset of our Pontificate the mournful spectacle of the evils by which the race of mankind is everywhere oppressed unfolded itself before us : the widespread subversion of the truths by which as by its foundations the state of human society is held together : the insolence of minds impatient of all legitimate power : the perpetual stirring up of dissensions, from which come internal conflicts, and fierce and cruel wars : the contempt of laws which reign over morals, and protect justice : the insatiable cupidity for transient things, and oblivion of things eternal, reaching even to the madness and fury in which so many miserable men have no fear of laying violent hands on themselves : the reckless administration and squandering and ruin of the public goods : and the impudence of those, who, in the height of their deceit, so act as to appear to be the defenders of the country, of liberty, and of all rights ; lastly, the deadly pestilence which is creeping through the inmost members of the society of man, giving it no rest, and portending for it fresh changes, and a calamitous end. (*Encyclical*, 1878.)

In this we seem to hear again the voice of St. Gregory the Great. Before his eyes the Christian world appeared to be dying. The Eutychian and Nestorian heresies had spread over the East. Constantinople was alive with schism, Spain and Lombardy were Arian, Britain had returned to Paganism, the Lombards were ravaging Italy up to the walls of Rome, and Rome was plague-stricken. Well might he say, "Rome is ravaged; its very structure is dissolved. We die daily, and sorrow and grief are on every side. We are pursuing after this world and the world is departing from us. We cleave to it as it passes away." And yet in sorrow he reigned with Apostolic sway and with Patriarchal love over the Catholic unity, the last and greatest of the Doctors, the Apostle of England.

So again St. Leo the Third. Mahometanism had scourged the East, and Northern Africa, and had entered into Spain. The Patriarchs of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria, five hundred Episcopal Sees in Africa, the Churches of St. Cyprian, St. Augustine, St. Optatus were under the Crescent. Rome was torn by factions. The Pontiff himself was at their mercy. And yet it was then on a Christmas Day that St. Leo consecrated the foundations of an Empire from which the Christendom of a thousand years was to arise.

No Pontiff ever sorrowed and suffered more than St. Gregory the Seventh. Three great plagues issuing from the world withered and poisoned the Sanctuary. His life was spent in conflict. He died in exile. He writes to an old and loving friend of his early years :

"If it can be, I desire that you should fully know how great a sorrow presses upon me, and how great a burden, renewed day by day, weighs me down; that your brotherly compassion may incline towards me, and that your heart and your tears may be poured out before God in prayer, that Jesus, Who was made poor for us, through Whom all things were made, and Who rules all things, may stretch forth His hand, and with His wonted kindness deliver me from my misery. For I have often asked Him, as He enables me, either to take me out of this present life, or to make me useful to our common Mother: nevertheless He has not set me free from this great anguish, neither has my life profited the Church, in the bonds of which He has bound me. For an overwhelming grief and an universal sorrow surround me on every side. The Eastern Church, by the instinct of the devil, has revolted from the Catholic Faith, and in its members the old enemy is everywhere putting Christians to death. When I look to the West, or to the South, or North, I can hardly see a Bishop who by his entrance on the Episcopate, or by his life, is such as the Canons demand, ruling the Christian people for the love of Christ, and not for worldly ambition, and among all the secular princes, not one who prefers the honour of God to his own, or justice to gain, do I know. As for the people among whom I live—I mean the Romans, Lombards, and Normans—as I am often telling them, they are in a way worse than Jews and Pagans."

When he wrote these words many who were about him, and more in all lands, believed that he was on the losing side and that the world would have its way. But the reformation of St. Gregory the Seventh reigns to this day. He vindicated the independence of the Church, and like his Divine master he cleansed the Temple.

One more and the last of these sad memories we may take. No darker time in Rome can be found than from 1523 to 1534. Constantinople was Mahometan, Santa

Sophia a Mosque ; the Holy Sacrifice was taken away ; Germany and England were rushing into Schism ; the greatest revolt of the Christian world, the *Discessio* of nations, had already begun ; the seven vials of plague poured by the Renaissance over Italy were working in its blood. Rome was taken by storm ; for nine months it had been sacked and outraged, so that historians shrink from the record. The germs of all the diseases which are dissolving the society of man, as described by Leo XIII., were already working, to issue as we see in the anti-Christian and anti-social revolution of these days. Such was the Pontificate of Clement VII. ; but within ten years the Council of Trent began a Reformation which has renewed the life of the Church and reigns over it to this hour.

So little can we judge of our own times or foresee what shall be.

St. Gregory the Great was wont, as we read, to lament his lot, and the perturbation of his mind, in these words. Speaking of his past tranquillity, he says :—

“ But now by reason of the pastoral care (my mind) suffers under the affairs of men of the world : and after this beautiful quiet, it is soiled by the dust of temporal things. And when in condescending to many it has scattered itself in outward affairs, even when it longs for inward things, to these without a doubt it returns less fit. I weigh then what I have to bear, and I weigh what I have lost : and while I look at what I have lost, what I have is harder to bear. (Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, B. ii, C. i.)

If St. Gregory the Great lamented the day when he was called away from the calm shore of prayer to the great deep of ruling the Universal Church, well might.

Leo XIII. yearn from the walls of the Vatican for the tranquillity of Perugia, the most beautiful of cities, crowning its many hills with a circle of walls, over which the Umbrian Valleys and the Apennines may be seen. Around it are the Sanctuaries of Rivo Torto, Gli Angeli, Le Carceri, San Damiano and Assisi. The bodies of saints, the martyrs of Foligno, St. Clare of Monte Falco, St. Clare of Assisi, St. Francis, the Seraphic Father of whom Leo XIII. is a loving son, are watchers and guardians of Perugia. A peaceful pastoral life of thirty years, with its freedom and toil, renewed every morning, and soothed by every evening's calm, would rather seem to lead to the eternal rest than to the stormy steerage of St. Peter's bark. Yet so between the rising of one sun and the setting of the next it was ordained to be. Leo XIII. never from that hour has passed the threshold of the Vatican. No more the beauties of Perugia and its mountains were before him, but Rome in its desolation, and over its walls the world with all its evils and all its enmities. Ten years are nearly full, and a record has been written in the annals of the Church which will never pass away. The Sower has sown the seed, truths and laws, germs and rays of natural and supernatural wisdom, the philosophy of the reason of man, the science of the revelation of God. Leo XIII. inherited a world-wide unity of pastors and of people cast off by the world, and thrown with all their love and fidelity upon the Holy See. In the days of St. Gregory VII. and of Clement VII., the world was in its pride, and the Church was sick. Now, the Church is whole and the world is wrecking itself. In the living structure

of the Church there is nothing wanting. Leo. XIII. has appealed to the intellect and the heart, the motive-powers of all life and action. Every call of his voice has been answered. There are now no national discords as at Basle and Pisa. The unity of the Church, since the Apostles went out from Jerusalem, has never been so absolute, its purity never more visible, its authority never more obeyed. And as the world has cast it off, the Church has withdrawn into its own Sanctuary of liberty and power. It is more powerful over the world now than ever, because it is visibly independent. The world cannot cast the weight of a shadow over its supreme liberty. And this Divine power is in the hands of Leo XIII. The world can take nothing from him, and from the world he asks nothing but the obedience of faith. His power is not of this world, but it is world-wide, and dependent on God alone. No human hand sustains him; and he refuses all human aid. A foot upon the water, in the sacred language of Egypt, means a Divine act, which is to man impossible. But the successor of Peter walks erect upon the water, for his faith never falters, and his Master holds him by the hand.

The world is beginning to see what it can neither deny nor destroy. And Italy is yearning for the glories of its past, as the centre of Catholic unity, the home of the Heavenly City. The hearts of Italians are Catholic still; they desire the end of these desolations. They have already known the heart of Leo XIII. as a pastor; let them return to him now as the Vicar of Jesus Christ; let them hear his voice as of old, and know that his love for them now

is greater than of old, as the love of the Pastor of pastors is greatest of all. When last he spoke of Italy, these were his words, the same in loving sorrow as the first words he uttered over the whole world :—

Would that the desire of peace which we bear towards all nations should in the way we wish benefit Italy, which God Himself has united so intimately with the Roman Pontificate, and is so dear to us by the ties of nature. As we have often said before, we have for a long time and most earnestly desired that the minds of Italians should be in possession of assured peace, and that the fatal dissension with the Roman Pontificate should at length cease: but without detriment to justice, or to the dignity of the Apostolic See, of which the rights are not so much violated by national hostility as they are by the conspiracy of sects. But to open the way to peace it is necessary that the Roman Pontiff should be placed in such a state as to be subject to no other Power, and be in possession of a true and real freedom as every right demands. If this were done, and a true judgment of things taken, not only would Italy be none the worse for it, but would receive great help to its safety and prosperity. (*Allocution in the Consistory of May 26*).

May this auspicious Jubilee for fifty years of Priesthood draw the hearts of all nations, and, above all nations, the heart of Italy to Leo XIII., happily reigning with imperishable sway over the Universal Church of God.

HENRY EDWARD,

Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

CHAPTER IX.

*Teacher of the Church: Peacemaker
among the Nations.*

“That paternal charity with which we embrace all peoples.”

Encyclical, 8th Feby. 1884.

WE all remember the pause of expectation when the great Bishop of modern times, that “Bishop of the Catholic Church” * who alone among more than 250 predecessors had held the spiritual sovereignty in St. Peter’s city longer than St. Peter himself, laid it down at length in the fulness of years with the halo of persecution around him. The Pontiff who had called a General Council after an interval of three hundred years, who had repaired the ramparts of the Church and extended its episcopate throughout the world, who had fixed in the coronet of our Blessed Lady its most precious leaf, was called away to his reward denuded of all earthly power, in recompense for the faith with which he had wielded and the glory which he had added to the spiritual power.

What Catholic heart did not wait in suspense and anxiety for the issue which the deliberation of the Church’s Senate would send forth from the Vatican palace? It met while France and Germany and Russia and England

* The title with which the Pope confirms a General Council.

were in such suspense over their own affairs, that they let alone the affairs of the Church for a moment. A month before, Victor Emmanuel had descended suddenly into the grave, and the mortar which held together his work had too little cohesion to allow his successor not to guard from outside intrusion that last remaining fortress of the Church in which her Senate deliberated. In shorter time than even when Pius IX. was elected, the decision came forth, and the voice of the first Cardinal Deacon announced the accession of Leo XIII.

At that moment the Revolution thought it had gained a supreme and definitive victory over the Christian Pontificate. And the ground of its confidence was that it had deprived the Pontificate of its visible sovereignty dating from more than eleven hundred years, without which it considered that the sovereignty invisible was condemned to death. In truth, Leo XIII. ascended St. Peter's throne as much the symbol and bearer of purely spiritual power, as St. Peter himself. We have now seen ten years pass in which a Pontiff who dare not say Mass on the chief festivals of the Christian people in the Lateran Basilica of Constantine, or in the great church of our Lady on the Esquiline Hill, lest he should be murderously assaulted as his predecessors St. Leo III. and St. Gregory VII. were: who cannot descend with open doors to the Confession of the Prince of the Apostles, issues, as that Apostle's successor, decrees which are received from one end of the earth to the other with ready obedience, with delight and gratitude. These decrees extend over the whole region of faith and of

practical action. They define the position which the spiritual and the civil powers in every nation bear respectively to each other. They exhibit the conditions of that sacrament on which rest the very foundations of natural society, while it rises in its exaltation to the highest mystery of the faith. The war which the Revolution wages, by which it attacks all thrones and governments, from the autocrat of all the Russias who exhibits to the nineteenth century the very constitution of Constantine's empire, to the ultimate form of democracy in the American States—this war directs its attack mainly on five points. It utilises to the utmost that unhappy division between the two Powers, the Spiritual and the Civil, which has grown up in modern times. It labours in every land to destroy the indissoluble character of the marriage contract, which is the keystone of Christian civilisation, won for it by the Church through ages of conflict. The third great assault which is heaving up society from its very foundations is the denial of the right of property. The weakening of the Christian faith in the multitude, especially that vast majority of our race which lives on manual labour, has made the earth appear to many the only arena for the hopes and enjoyments of men. And those who in the terrible competition for existence which goes on around us in every country, and is severest in the richest countries, feel full well that they have little enjoyment in the present, while they are without supernatural hope in the future, seek to overturn the order which exists, as they suppose its artificial conditions to be the root of their distress. Hence

immediately arises fear of a war the most terrible for all civilised peoples, the war of the poor against the rich.

Again, in every land, and under every government, a struggle of the governed against authority has sprung up. It would seem as if the ruler, being in the minds of men no longer invested with a sacred rank, as the delegate of God, has lost in great measure the willing obedience of those who should be ruled. He is to them a figure which they have set up. Each says in his heart, what a certain Queen, much admired by some, said to one of her bishops, "Proud prelate, I frocked you, and I can unfrock you." So they feel that as they made their mandatary they can unmake him. The foundation itself of government being shifted in their minds, loyalty has been changed into a calculation of expedience.

Lastly, all these errors are strengthened by a false philosophy, which counts the evidence of the senses to bear witness to no reality beyond their phenomena, and impugns the very basis of belief in all things beyond the senses. Such an unbelief destroys at one blow all the superstructure of religion and civilization raised in the ages of the past.

These are the five wounds, the suspicion and enmity, with which in every land the civil authority pursues the spiritual: the effort of man, no longer Christian, to break from the bondage, as he thinks it, of Christian marriage; the insurrection of what deems itself unrequited or ill-requited labour against its own fruits stored up in realised property; the disregard of the authority which rules society, under the supposition that it was made by man

rather than by God ; and the false philosophy, or rather the denial of the basis upon which any true philosophy must rest—or, to use the wonderfully accurate expression of "*il maestro di color che sanno*," all the *μετὰ τὰ φυσικά* which include those other truths, even "the fountain light of all our day,—the master light of all our seeing : " these are the five wounds which have penetrated deeply the social body, and threaten to dissolve it. They transfix the nations which are suffering for their defection from the Christian faith, and their disloyalty to the See of Peter, its head and centre.

Now on all these Leo XIII., as seated on the great throne of justice, no less than of faith, for all the earth, has throughout his Pontificate spoken strongly and clearly. In a series of Encyclical Letters and Allocutions, the like of which for number and beauty and depth of thought I suppose cannot be shown in any preceding decade, he has exhibited both true doctrine and sane philosophy of human government with the authority of Peter, and that moreover clothed in the language and style of Cicero. Thus he shows forth his double Roman descent ; the "*Capitolî immobile saxum*" is planted in St. Peter's confession ; the wisdom of true government speaks in the accents of Christ. He whose monarchy is at present only spiritual, through the malignity of his enemies and the defection of Europe, has addressed himself perhaps more exhaustively than those who have spoken before him, to the *minds* of men. He has thus forced the most prejudiced, the most hostile, the most wayward, to listen. He has said to all governors : It is for your own

wishes, for that which is most dear to you as men, for the polity which you have raised up at such a cost, at such an outpouring of blood, if that polity is to last and take root, that I speak. I speak not as an enemy but as a friend. Look upon me not as the impairer of your power, but as one who points out its true foundation, its necessary conditions, the indispensable need which it has to be supported, not as a rival but as a yokefellow of the divine ordinance, by that power which I represent.

Thus it is that in all this decade of years a great and continuous mind has been exercising a great and continuous action upon the different nations of the earth.

For that which he has urged in the privacy of the cabinet, and by the living voice of his ambassadors, and by his own autograph letters to sovereigns, he has set forth in a series of Encyclicals. These are not secret; rather they permeate society from the highest ranks to the lowest in all lands. There is nothing in them precipitate, wayward, fluctuating, biassed by momentary incidents or passing passions. This mature wisdom speaks calmly, because clearly seeing the truth and certain of its authority. Nothing can be conceived more unlike the babble of newspapers, the strife of parties, the talk of democrats seeking to make themselves known, or the surging hither and thither of public opinion, than these documents, or than the conduct which accompanies them. I have before me a small volume, purchased for fifteenpence, which contains in 360 pages, each three inches by two, the chief of these documents issued in eight years. In it I find the letter upon the accession of

Leo XIII., that upon Modern Errors, that upon the Scholastic Philosophy, with another commending and setting forth the Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas; that upon the Origin of the Civil Power; that upon Historical Studies and the truthfulness above all things requisite in them; that upon "*Nobilissima Gallorum gens*," that upon Freemasonry, that upon Literature; and, especially, that upon the Christian Constitution of States, the four opening words of which, "*Immortale Dei miserentis opus*," indicate its character, as they also sum up the whole work of the writer. It is not too much to say that if the doctrine contained in this small volume was taken to heart and practised by the rulers and the people still called Christian, those five wounds which I have noted above, as crucifying the whole body of society at the present day, would be staunch.

How has Leo XIII. brought to a happy termination that terrible war by the most potent of governments on the most necessary liberties of the Church which we have seen waged during fifteen years? He has done it by convincing the sternest advocate and most unscrupulous employer of material force that the war so waged was in its principle, conduct, and issue alike suicidal. Six years ago, in June, 1881, when the conflict was at its height, he wrote thus:* "That long-continued and relentless war against the divine authority of the Church, has had the issue to which it ever tended; that is, the common danger of human society, and especially of sovereign authority on which the public safety mainly

* Encyclical *Diuturnum*.

rests. This fact has become specially manifest in our time. For the desires kindled in the masses refuse more audaciously all government in our day than ever before. Licence has grown so greatly everywhere, popular uprisings and disturbances are so frequent, that supreme rulers not only often find their commands disobeyed, but cannot even secure their own personal safety." And then, alluding to the recently perpetrated murder of the Czar, he says that the remaining princes of Europe are threatened publicly with a like fate. Since which an American President was added in the same year to the President before assassinated on Good Friday in 1865.

It would seem that Prince Bismarck was at length convinced that the depriving in a single diocese a hundred parishes of their pastors, and hampering the Church in all her action as a divine society, was not the way to increase the reverence due to a new-made empire, or to guard its ruler from murderous attack, or the structure of human society from collapse beneath the stroke of discontented labour. But how much has the gentleness, the moderation, the unchanging but persuasive exhibition of truth in the conduct as well as in the writings of the Pope contributed to this result?

It would be a work far beyond the limits here assigned to me to give in detail the course pursued by Leo XIII. in circumstances of great perplexity and the most complex interests warring with each other in various countries. The peculiarity of his position lies in this, that he has to consider in addressing each group of Bishops

the whole mass of interests, not only spiritual but secular, in which they are involved. But secular and spiritual interests, though in their abstract nature they lie in fields apart, in the concrete belong to the same men, and the Supreme Pastor has to consider the position of these men in regard to them both, while advising, admonishing, strengthening them in words weighted with the utmost authority. In the actual German Empire these considerations are specially applicable. The Pope's treatment of them therefore in the greatest conflict in which he has been engaged is a proof test of his wisdom and peace-loving action everywhere. But who can describe so well as Leo XIII. himself what the severity of the conflict was, as well as the termination to which he has led it? In his Allocution to the Cardinals of May 23, 1887, the Pope says :

" We have completed, by the blessing of God, a work of long standing and of great difficulty to which we gave our whole mind, and disregarding every minor consideration, the salvation of souls was, as it ought to be, our supreme law. You know in what condition things were during many years. You joined us in deeply grieving over dioceses without bishops ; over parishes without priests ; over freedom of public worship infringed ; over seminaries of the clergy interdicted ; over the number of the clergy so reduced, that very many Catholics could neither attend at divine worship nor receive the sacraments. And we felt the more the greatness of these evils because alone we could not heal them, nor lighten them, and that insomuch as our power was in many respects interfered with. We therefore resolved to seek for remedies where they could be found, and that with more confidence because besides the Bishops we were assured of loyal and powerful support from Catholic legislators, men of unbending energy in the best cause, from whose zeal and union the Church

has received no small fruit, and expects no less in the future. Our intention and our hope were greatly increased because we had certain knowledge that the august Emperor of Germany and his ministers had equitable and peaceful views. In consequence, a removal of the greatest evils was carefully sought after. Point after point was agreed upon. By the law just passed, as you are aware, former laws were in part abrogated, in part greatly mitigated; and at last an end has been made of that terrible conflict, which, while it ground down the Church, did no good to the State. So much we rejoice to have seen done, with great exertion on our part, with much aid from your counsels. And therefore, we feel and we express a great gratitude to God, the consoler and the guardian of His Church. If there remain some things which Catholics have reason to desire, it must be remembered that the successes attained are far more numerous and far more important. The chief of these is that the Roman Pontiff's authority in the government of the Catholic Church has ceased to be considered in Prussia a foreign authority, and provision is made for its free exercise in the future. Then, venerable brethren, their liberty is restored to the bishops in governing their dioceses. The seminaries of the clergy are given back. Most of the religious orders are recalled. For the rest we shall continue our efforts, and considering the Emperor's will and the intention of his ministers, we have reason to hope that the Catholics of that nation may take courage, for we do not distrust that a better time is coming. Nothing do we so much desire of the divine bounty as that life long enough and ability be given us to behold the Catholic religion enjoying a settled and secure state under the protection of the laws in all Germany, and advancing without offence by salutary increase."

Those who would wish to realise with the least effort the bond which unites the Apostolic See with the Episcopate and the people of the various countries, and moreover at the same time to comprehend how futile any unity of the Church and of Christian doctrine would be

without this bond, have but to read one after another the Encyclicals of Leo XIII. to the Bishops of these countries. I take, merely for instances, some of the last. Such is that to the Bishops of Portugal, dated Sept. 14, 1886, on the termination of that most difficult controversy arising out of the privileges bestowed on their kings in regard to the Indian Hierarchy in the times of St. Francis Xavier. Again, that to the Bishops of Hungary, dated August 22, 1886, where dangers and difficulties of quite another sort are dealt with. Again, that to the Bishops of France, dated February 8, 1884, wherein a third array of circumstances has to be met. Can there be greater tenderness than when, writing to the last, the Pope dwells upon the ancient glory of their nation as first born daughter of the Church, and on the happiness which accrued to it for ages because of the "*gesta Dei per Francos*," and on the distinguished devotion and zeal of individual Frenchmen, as in all times so now, when he has to deal with an actual government which tears down the crucifix from the schools of its people in Paris, while it claims exclusive protection of Catholics from all nations in Peking.

It is to these Bishops that he writes : " That paternal charity with which we embrace all nations, as on other occasions according to the needs of the times it moved us to encourage especially to their duty the people of Ireland, of Spain, and of Italy, by addressing their Bishops, now advises us to direct our attention to France." And here he notes that " there are in the world two societies, one civil and the other religious, and corresponding to them two Powers, both owing obedience to the eternal

and natural law, and each providing and disposing for itself in its own domain. But whenever order has to be taken concerning anything upon which both the Powers, though for different reasons and in a different manner, have a voice, the public good demands agreement in both. If this do not exist, there will ensue a constantly changing unstable equilibrium, which will allow of tranquillity in neither Church nor State."

Yet important as bonds of unity and means of supervision as are these Encyclical Letters to the several Bishops, another action in a still higher order, as touching the essential framework of the Church, described by St. Paul (Ephesians, Ch. iv., 11-16), is continually exerted by him who sits in the Apostolic See. The confirmation of his brethren is one thing, the *sending* them is another. The Pope from age to age continues that action by which the College of the Apostles, when St. Peter was personally at their head, divided the earth between them. The Pope now divides the earth, as he has always done. And here the very first, as well as almost the last public act of Leo. XIII., shows how his authority touches the great British Empire. Scarcely had he succeeded Pius IX., when he signed the Letters Apostolic prepared beforehand but not executed by Pius IX. through his last illness, which restored the ancient Hierarchy of Scotland in the persons of two Archbishops, of St. Andrews and of Glasgow, and of four Suffragans. Again, by Letters Apostolic of Sept., 1886, he created a Hierarchy for the whole of India, raising the Archbishop of Goa to the rank of Patriarch, in honour of that church

which keeps for perpetual veneration the body of St. Francis Xavier, and appointing seven Archbishoprics, of Agra, Bombay, Verapolis, Calcutta, Madras, Pondicherry and Columbo, with their several Suffragans. These acts of the Supreme Apostolate, full of consequences for future times, have taken place without a murmur from the spirit of Knox in Scotland, with the consent of the people of St. Francis Xavier in India. That new Hierarchy supplies the needs of 1,600,000 Catholics at present, besides being pregnant of results for the millions now outside the pale of the church, who are waiting for more of the race of the great missionary. "Henceforth," says the Pope in creating it, "it will be in the power of all the Bishops of India gradually to devise those measures which will bring about a common order of law, as the times allow, and which, according to the general discipline of the Church, are entrusted to the authority of the Bishops. But it will be for us and for this Apostolic See to assist the Bishops in the performance of their office by our act, authority, and counsel, and in every way to help on measures which appear useful and opportune for the salvation of souls."

Now, taking together the acts which I have above selected as specimens out of a vast number, is it possible to exhibit with greater dignity, charity, and simplicity, the constitution of the Church as set forth in the decree of the Vatican Council? Do not these ten years of Leo XIII. offer a living image of the decree carried out through all the world? With its very words, therefore, than which in all history there are none more grave and potent, I close these few remarks upon an endless subject :

"We further teach and declare that the Roman Church, by the enactment of the Lord, holds the Principate of ordinary power over all other churches: and that this jurisdictional power of the Roman Pontiff, being truly episcopal, is immediate. And to this the Pastors of whatsoever rite and dignity, and the Faithful, as well each by himself as all together, are bound by the duty of hierarchical subordination and true obedience, not only in things which concern faith and morals, but in those which concern the discipline and government of the Church throughout the earth, so that by maintaining unity of communion as well as of profession of the same Faith with the Roman Pontiff, there is one flock of the Church of Christ under one Supreme Pastor. This is the teaching of the Catholic truth from which no one may deviate, if he would preserve faith and salvation. But it is so far from the fact that this power of the Supreme Pontiff is injurious to the ordinary and immediate power of episcopal jurisdiction by which Bishops, ordained by the Holy Ghost to succeed to the place of Apostles, feed and govern as true pastors the flocks assigned to them, each his own, that this very power is asserted, strengthened and maintained by the Supreme and Universal Pastor, as in the words of St. Gregory the Great: "My honour is the honour of the Universal Church; my honour is the maintenance of my brethren in one solid mass—*Meus honor est fratrum meorum solidus vigor*; then am I truly honoured when the honour due to everyone in particular is not refused." [Vatican Council, Sessio IV. c 3.]

If the Revolution thought in 1878 that it had done for ever with the Papacy, it has come to a different conclusion in 1887. It is true that hatred of the Papacy is the most profound, the most universal of all its hatreds. But it is aware that for men of good will throughout the world the Papacy is shining with a lustre never surpassed: is shining as the Star of the Sea over the troubled waters of earthly tempests.

Neither St. Leo the Great when, between the incur-

sion of the desolating Mongol, and the plundering of the pirate Vandal, he confirmed the Council of Chalcedon ; nor St. Gregory the Great, when, between the Arian Lombard hammer on the one side, and the decrepit Eastern despot on the other, he ruled from a sick-bed with uncontested right the universal Church ; nor St. Leo III., when, imposing law and order on the whole confused mass of Teuton tribes, he placed the crown of Christian sovereignty upon the head of their chief hero, and saluted Charles the King of the Franks as "great and pacific emperor of the Romans ;" nor St. Gregory VII., when he raised the suffering Bride of Christ from her servitude under feudal corruption and tyranny, and exclaiming, "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile," heard in answer, "Vicar of Christ, in exile thou canst not die, for God has given thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession ;" nor Innocent III., when in peaceable enthronement over all that the Leos and Gregories before him had gained by doing and suffering, he was acknowledged by Christendom as its universal legislator ; no one of these occupies a higher place in past history than Leo XIII. in present time.

He is helpless as to outward means, as were Leo I. and Gregory I. The enemy is in possession of his seat as they had taken that of Gregory VII. The violence of apostates is round him, as it was round Leo III., so that if he walked in procession in Rome, his life might be attempted as was that of Leo III. Before Innocent III. the temporal power bowed, when he swayed the spiritual,

while Leo XIII. has not a foot of earth, is beleaguered in the Vatican Palace, and on sufferance in the very Church of St. Peter. But "the eternal God is his refuge, and underneath him are the everlasting arms." In the might of the *Word* alone he rules. A new Frederic Barbarossa, coming forth from the mountain in which he has been buried for seven hundred years, after a brief worship of the antipope of heresy and schism, acknowledges that in this *Word* alone resides a power fit to help him in his encounter with the new false gods of the day, the new false gods who teach the strugglers and sufferers of civilization, that, since man has no future life, to redress and reward the inequalities of the present, all goods of the world belong in common to the toilers. Before these Barbarossa feels his throne tremble, though it rest upon a million of soldiers. But the Throne of Peter, which rests upon no soldiers, and has no earthly foundations, trembles not. Like the earth itself it rests upon the divine decree, the secret of whose force, lying beyond our senses, no human analysis has as yet succeeded in revealing. And Leo XIII. in the ten years which crown the forty preceding of his sacerdotal jubilee, has shown alike by word and act how he rests upon that divine foundation. And this he has led the mightiest of sovereigns to acknowledge, inasmuch as without it human government fails to give security, and is penetrated with fear in the present because men have lost their hope in the future world. The master of more legions than Augustus had recognises the authority of a landless Pope without a soldier in the midst of a generation to which

might is right. And the same master of legions, before his contest with the Pope was terminated, trusted the Head of the Catholic Faith to mediate in a temporal matter between himself, sovereign of an empire not Catholic, and the government of the "Most Catholic King." What was this but to recognise in the most emphatic action that he who sat in the chair of Peter was "the Teacher of Justice?"

Is there any victory won by the predecessors of Leo XIII. greater than this? A sovereign who is not Constantine sees the Labarum, which Constantine in the hour of his trial discerned in the sky, to rest upon the head of a Pope whom an unbelieving world has stripped to very nakedness. And governments throughout the world, which cannot rule their own citizens, are fain to look for aid to one whom they have repudiated for ages. As the foes are new, the victory is new; but perhaps since they are neither less numerous nor less destructive than the hordes of Attila, the divine Providence has in reserve for them a vision such as checked the Scythian's advance: and we behold in the ten years of Leo XIII. a repetition of the first Leo in another form, and an augury of the salvation preparing for the future.

THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES.

CHAPTER X.

The Pope's Muse.

WHENCE comes to us the peculiar and subtle charm of poetry? As the great bard himself asks, regarding fancy, "Tell me where 'tis bred?" In heart, ear, imagination? Surely, in all the faculties of the soul combined, and in the most delicate and noblest of the bodily senses, ear and eye. Poetry might almost be defined as the imaginative intellect acting under recognised law, but a law suited to its own being, not such trammels as are appropriate to severer and more consecutive thought. Pegasus mounts with native force to his connatural sphere; yet his wings manifest their power, all the while, by the rhythmical movement which guides while it impels, and to some extent restrains, the wildness of his flight. That restraint adds to the charm, and even in part constitutes it, by eliciting a feeling of admiration for difficulties overcome without seeming effort. A critic has said that the pleasure of rhyme is made up of hope and memory. Thus, the end of the first line of a couplet rouses the anticipation pleasingly to forestall the second, while the completion of the second casts back the mind with a lingering look upon the first. The same pleasure of admiration attaches to the skilful use of metre; and, where the metre is complex

and involved, in yet greater degree. There is a two-fold impression, at once of difficulty and of ease; as the sword-play of a powerful gladiator interests the more, and claims the higher applause, in proportion to the weight of the weapon he flourishes with such dexterous facility. What must it have been to the cultivated Grecian ear to follow the solemn chant of those choruses of Æschylus, so profound in thought, so swift in transition, yet severely regulated by laws of metre so exacting, that a feebler maestro would have succumbed, or given his thoughts with less fulness and precision?

It seems presumptuous to have delayed with such individual thinkings, when we have before us the poetic effusions of the highest personage on earth. They are not, certainly, to be approached in a spirit of criticism, *nam brima Sedes a nomine judicatur*. Yet the interest attaching to the verses of Leo XIII. may be stated as manifold. Among other considerations, they bridge over a very great interval of time. We should be hard set to find a parallel, unless we mount up to St. Damasus in the fifth century. That pontiff was a great versifier, and has come down to posterity, under that aspect, as glorifying, with Prudentius, the martyrs of the catacombs. Those Christian subterraneans, still in use at that day for the interment of the faithful, who desired that their bodies might rest near the martyrs' relics, had an absorbing interest for pious imagination and thankful memory. No wonder that St. Damasus dedicated his poetic talent chiefly to that theme. The pen of our present Holy Father has been employed on topics more personal and

familiar, as a relaxation from the graver cares that occupied him at Perugia and elsewhere. A nature so highly strung and "thorough" as his, must needs find some lighter employment, in however scant a measure, as safety-valve to the mind that would otherwise be overtaxed by its own intensity. Every child of the Faith will therefore receive this volume of verses with something of the reverential feeling that must have inspired that disciple, cotemporary with St. John, who found the holy Apostle and Evangelist diverting himself for some moments with a tame partridge. The bow that is always bent—so did St. John explain it—must be weakened at last, if it does not break.

Of the stanzas now to be laid before the reader, under form of a translation very unworthy to represent the grace and concinnity of the original, the earliest were written in 1822, when Joachim Vincent Pecci was twelve years old. They are addressed to Vincent Pavani, of the Society of Jesus, a valued friend of the future Pope: and they testify his affectionate appreciation.

I.

Dear namesake, Vincent! from my nonage, too,
E'en as Pavani, Pecci bears that name:
Ah, that Pavani's wealth of merit true,
Following that Vincent's light, may Pecci claim!

As we advance, however, some eight years later, we become aware that the blessing of robust health was not to be granted to the poet; and that, like St. Gregory the Great,* Leo XIII. was to excite surprise and admiration

* "Marvellous are the things he uttered, effected, committed to writing, especially with a health always ailing and infirm."—*Roman Breviary*, March 12, Feast of St. Gregory the Great.

by the amount of daily work accomplished for his Master, and "the solicitude of all the Churches," with a frame as delicate as the mind was vigorous and the heart awake.

II.

ON HIS ILL HEALTH.

1830.

Scarce twenty years thou numberest, Joachim,
And fell diseases thy young life invade !
Yet pains, when charm'd by verse, seem half allayed—
Recount thy sorrows, then, in mournful hymn.

Wakeful till latest night, thy limbs in vain
Court needful rest ; nor sleep nor food restore
The strength outworn—thine eyes, all darkened o'er,
Dejected sink, while racked the head with pain.

Fever consumes thee ; chill, as ice congeals,
Or parch'd with burning thirst. Pallid as death
Each several feature ; toils the weary breath—
Through all thy fainting form the languor steals.

Why dream of future years, with promise bland,
While fate swift urges ? Then I said : " No fear
My spirit shall quell ! Draws Death indeed so near ?
Cheerful I wait, to grasp his bony hand.

" No fading joys allurement offer now ;
All undelayed, I want for bliss superne !
Glad, as when wanderer's footsteps home return,
Or seaman, when to harbour veers his prow."

Little could the poet forecast, when thus singing what almost seemed his death-song, that half a century of stirring remarkable life, with a lustrum and more besides, lay still before him, even up to this present time of rehearsing his words. Who will not breathe a fervent

aspiration, before turning the page, that a life which may prove so precious to the very peace of Europe, no less than to the progress of the Faith, may resist, for years to come, the final assault of the power whose dart he welcomed before attaining his majority?

Coming to the poems of maturer life, we find two tributes in verse to the merits and sufferings of SS. Constantius and Herculanus, both of them Bishops of Perugia, and martyrs. These poems, therefore, probably belong to the period of Monsignor Pecci's episcopate in that city. St. Constantius underwent prolonged torments for the Faith, and was finally martyred at Foligno, when Marcus Aurelius Verus was emperor, and St. Soter sat in the chair of Peter. St. Herculanus suffered at the hands, not of pagans, but of Arians, when Totila besieged Perugia. The stanzas are Sapphic and octosyllabic, in the order we have named; they are at once spirited and elegant, but too long for insertion. It would be an injustice to mutilate or abridge them.

Of more general interest is the following animated prediction of better things to come than we are yet permitted to see. The one departure from fidelity to the original occurs in the second line, where the well-known title of Leo XIII. in the alleged prophecy of St. Malachy is introduced. The poem dates from two years ago: and every thoughtful observer of public events, be he of the Catholic unity or no, must feel how incessantly and with what marked result the Holy Father has laboured to bring about the happy condition of things which he here foretells.

III.

HAPPY AUGURY OF THE CHURCH'S TRIUMPH, AND THE
RESTORATION OF PEACE AND THE COMMON WEAL.

1885.

With prophet eye, the tremulous dawn I mark ;
Lumen in Cælo ! breaks the radiant day :—
 And terror-struck, all demon-forms and dark
 Plunge to their Stygian lake, there sink away.

God's human foes perforce His might have own'd,
 'Tearful their sacrilegious crimes confess'd—
 Hush'd is the long fierce hate, and love enthron'd
 Within those hearts, in sweet alliance blest.

The virtues chaste, our fathers once bequeath'd,
 Faith, manly trust, their ancient home regain ;
 And Peace, her glorious brow with olive wreath'd,
 Bids the Arts flourish, and fair Plenty reign.

Wisdom's pure torch on every watch-tower burns
 Through this dear land, to scare dark Error's crew—
 Such be the triumph, when Italia learns
 What heaven-fed springs her vigour may renew !

With all this happy augury, the Pope does not lose out of sight the powers of evil, that are not supposed to abandon their stronghold without a struggle : nor does it form any part of his prophecy that the Church's triumph is to come without a previous contest, perhaps one of great severity. He reminds himself that such determined opposition may assail his own person. With an evident allusion to the last words of his predecessor, St. Gregory VII., "I have loved righteousness, and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile," Leo XIII. inscribes these lines on his own portrait :

IV.

The righteous path I chose : long toil, and strife,
 Insult and snares and hardship, did I brave
 In truth's defence, unswerving ; yea, my life
 For Christ's dear flock, the which He died to save,
 'Twere sweet to yield, beneath a murderous knife,
 Or in some dungeon deep to find a grave.

In the midst of his constant occupations at Perugia, and as a safety-valve (to repeat a metaphor of this iron age), Monsignor Pecci found time to address some brief paternal stanzas to several of his devoted and exemplary priests, and to two among the religious women who were superiors in the convents of his diocese. We give one of the latter, by way of specimen. It must have been highly valued, indeed, by the superior and her community. The lines were addressed to Hermelind Montesperelli, for twenty-five years abbess of the Cistercian convent of St. Juliana, who "was distinguished for her charity and prudence." She died in 1872.

V.

High-born, yet with true virtue more refin'd,
 God's consecrated Hermelind,
 Watching thy cloistered charge with mother's heart,
 In counsel wise, thy chosen better part
 Strenuous to keep, yet ever kind.

Did it not seem a degree of *Lèse-majesté*, or at least petty treason, to add to the words of the Supreme Pontiff, one would be tempted to give, as a supplementary line :

Strong woman, meek, with strength ne'er Solomon could find,

and thus bring in the *Mulierem fortem quis inveniet?* of the wise son of David, side by side with the *Tenax propositi* of old Flaccus.

The following is undated ; but evidently belongs to the period of our photographic development, when the earlier and ghastly daguerreotype, the marvel of its day, has yielded to a more genial employment of the sun's rays.

VI.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

By pencil of the solar light,
Fair image traced, how deftly thou
Canst give the transient smile and bright,
Clear, speaking eye, and comely brow !

Man doth new power to suns impart ;
Nature and science here combine :
Strive he with all-but matchless art,
Apelles' touch must yield to thine.

The brief series shall close with a deeper note ; one to recall to us that the gifted mind, some of whose slight effusions we have so poorly aimed at representing, is after all the Lord's prophet to a sinful generation, and messenger of the eternal truths.

VII.

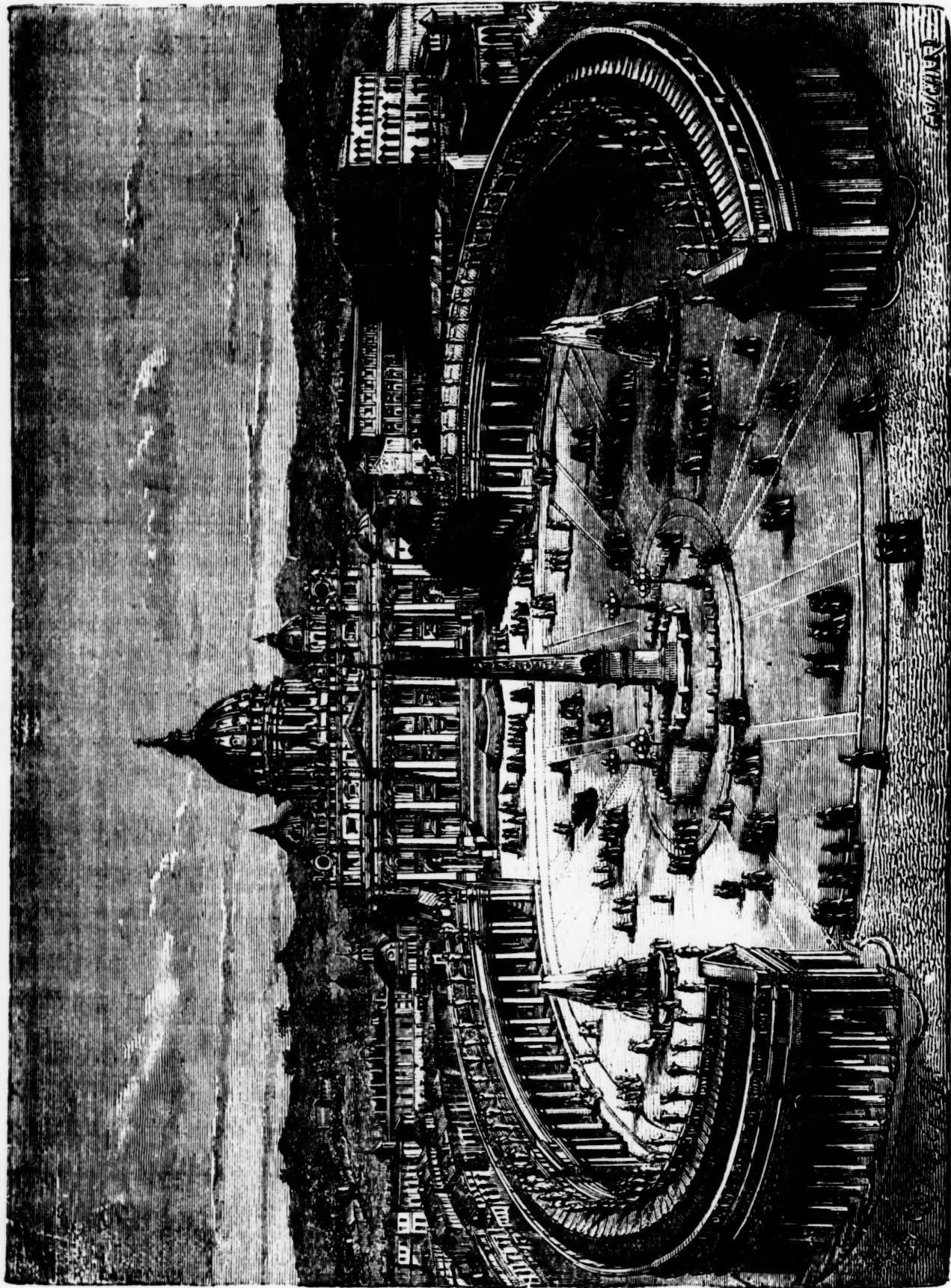
AGONIZED CRY OF THE LOST.

" O si daretur hora ! "

Through Hell's dread vault resounds the tortured groan :—
" Oh, might one hour for those lost hours atone ! "
What, were it given ? for penance would they live,
And one brief hour their life's transgression shrive.

On rising from a task which has had every satisfaction but success, one is struck, certainly not for the first time, with a sense of diversity in the genius of the several languages. The reader must perforce accept the rough Teutonic syllables, with their wealth of consonants and paucity of liquid sounds; never more apparent than in verse, nor ever more in verse, than when rendered from the music of the classic tongues. Standing half way, in this respect, between the French and German, an English translator may congratulate himself and his countrymen on the possession of a speech, deriving somewhat of beauty and much of force from its several concurrent elements, even when its poverty in rhyme places him at disadvantage before the classic model he endeavours to reproduce. Yet if ever a son of the Church might feel discontent with his native tongue as well as with his want of native power, it would be when the function is committed to him, of striving to interpret the utterance of *the* one whose words, even the slightest, should never fall to the ground, nor be shorn of their due effect.

W. H. ANDERDON. S.J.



ST. PETER'S.

CHAPTER XI.

*The Pope's City.**

WHEN the young Italian student went up from Carpineto to Rome, it must have been with more than the "eager heartedness" of every boy living within the influence of a great centre,

"When first he leaves his father's fields."

There was no mere hope and ambition for the possibilities of this life, and no "dreary dawn" of gaslight refracted in the fog, such as stimulate the young provincial on his way to London. The Italian boy from his village in the remoteness of the States of the Church had been born and had lived in touch of a "spiritual city"—the unique city in which was enthroned the successor of the Fisherman, the Father of Christians. He came across the bright solitudes of the Campagna strewn with the fragments of the enormous Pagan world.

* No more true and interesting record of the city as it was in the middle of the century is known to us than M. Wey's great work, *Rome and her Monuments*, of which a shorter English version has lately been published by Messrs. Virtue and Co., and to which we are indebted for our illustrations of Rome. Without the conventional picturesque which forms the "legend" of most famous places, and which while striving for more than veracious interest ends in dullness, the book presents all that was at once pictorial and real in the city and the citizens. Henri Regnault's pencil did some of its earlier work in the illustrations.

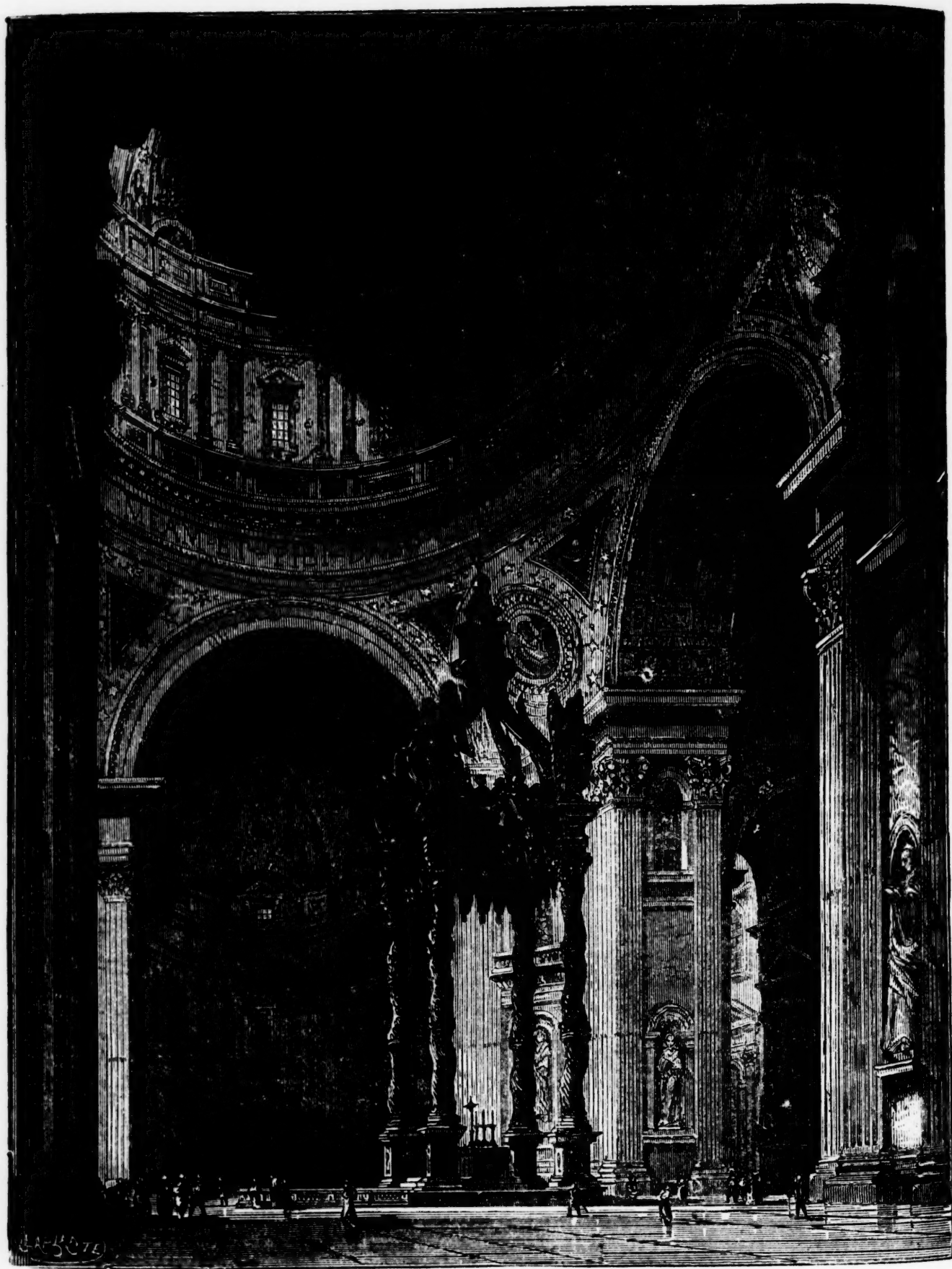
There stood the dome that shadows the sanctuary of the West, and around it the throng of the cupolas of Rome. The city had been mistress of the boy's childhood, and he was destined to be her Lord.

Pontifical Rome—the centre of the Church's polity—has proved as eternal as Ecclesiastical Rome, the head and heart of Christianity. Civil Rome has not crowded it out; that new city has rather grown up in it, around it, through it, like the "mildewed ear" with the wheat, but not "blasting its wholesome brother." Doubtless the fact that Pontifical Rome is so living and so obvious is one reason why the small importance of civil modern Rome has never been made thoroughly apparent. It has never been left naked; it has never been exposed alone. The provincial town without local character, at odds with its own antiquities, and given over to the vanity of ignoring its Middle Ages, has never been clearly seen to be the trivial thing it is; for the Rome of the Popes, mingled with it, stands august and tall and takes the eye of the world. The most important diplomacy, the most momentous policy has its activity about the Vatican, where, since the seclusion of the Popes, the governance and magistracy of the Church is more than ever concentrated.

But even outside that stately and silent Court, Rome remains Pontifical.

Where else, for instance, has a dispossessed government left so noble a sign and seal of the times of its rule as in the hospital system which the Popes have given as a model to the world? In Papal Rome was first organised

the special hospital—the hospital for women, for the aged, for fever patients, for children ; the industrial hospital for the education of little criminals. The first maternity charity was Pontifical ; and the first Foundling Hospital was due to the chance that a Pope—Innocent III.—was struck with sorrow at seeing three little bodies of drowned children caught up by a fisherman's net from the Tiber. When a river is under Theocratic government, such incidents are “stuff o' the conscience.” Thus, in 1198, three nameless little martyrs became the seed of the great charities of Europe to its forlorn infancy. Those are surely hardly candid comments on the old and new orders in Rome which would represent the difference as one referring entirely to matters connected with the modern Divinity of Drainage. That the Popes administered to their city the very most modern developments, that the Tiber was as complete a sewer as our own happier stream—we will not assert. But it is a very ingenuity of disparagement that will cast this old and in truth very disputed reproach at Pontifical rule, and will ignore the enormous institutions of the Papal Charities, the public decorum of the streets, and the assured fact that the Italian “deliverance” found a Rome in which there was absolutely no starving man, woman, or child, and hardly a touch of such poverty as implies grave privations. It found also an activity in public works all tending to the completion of old designs and especially to the abolition of temporary shams in the construction or ornament of the churches ; where some imitation had been allowed to keep the place of precious material Pius IX. was busily setting up the



INSIDE ST. PETER'S

real thing. And it is remarkable that now when the civil rule has committed many a folly with the antiquities, the crippled Papal power is pushing on where it can the intelligent historical labours of ecclesiology.

In this respect the most memorable Pontifical work lately carried through has been the reconstruction in parts of the interior of the Lateran. "*Sacrosancta Lateranensis ecclesia, omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput*," is also the Episcopal church of the Bishops of Rome, St. Sylvester having given her this dignity. It was within her walls that the Popes, until the last accession, took possession of their seats, and the Lateran clergy have precedence of those of St. Peter's when the chapters of both churches meet on Corpus Christi day. As to the Papal residence at San Giovanni, as the Romans always call this sanctuary, there is very fair evidence that it was originally due to Constantine himself; and the name of the Lateran is more ancient still if we accept the tradition recorded in the Acts of St. Sylvester (written in the fifth century) and adopted by a Council held under Pope St. Gelasius, by Baronius, and by the Roman Breviary. In the year 67 A.D. the Consul Plautus Lateranus took part in a wide-spread plot against Nero; his action, says Tacitus, had for its motive the love of his country; but he expiated it by his death, and his goods were confiscated. His palace, therefore, while keeping his name, became part of the Imperial domain, and as such was given afterwards by Maximian, the colleague of Diocletian, to his daughter Fausta, wife of Constantine the Great. Constantine in the hour of victory made one

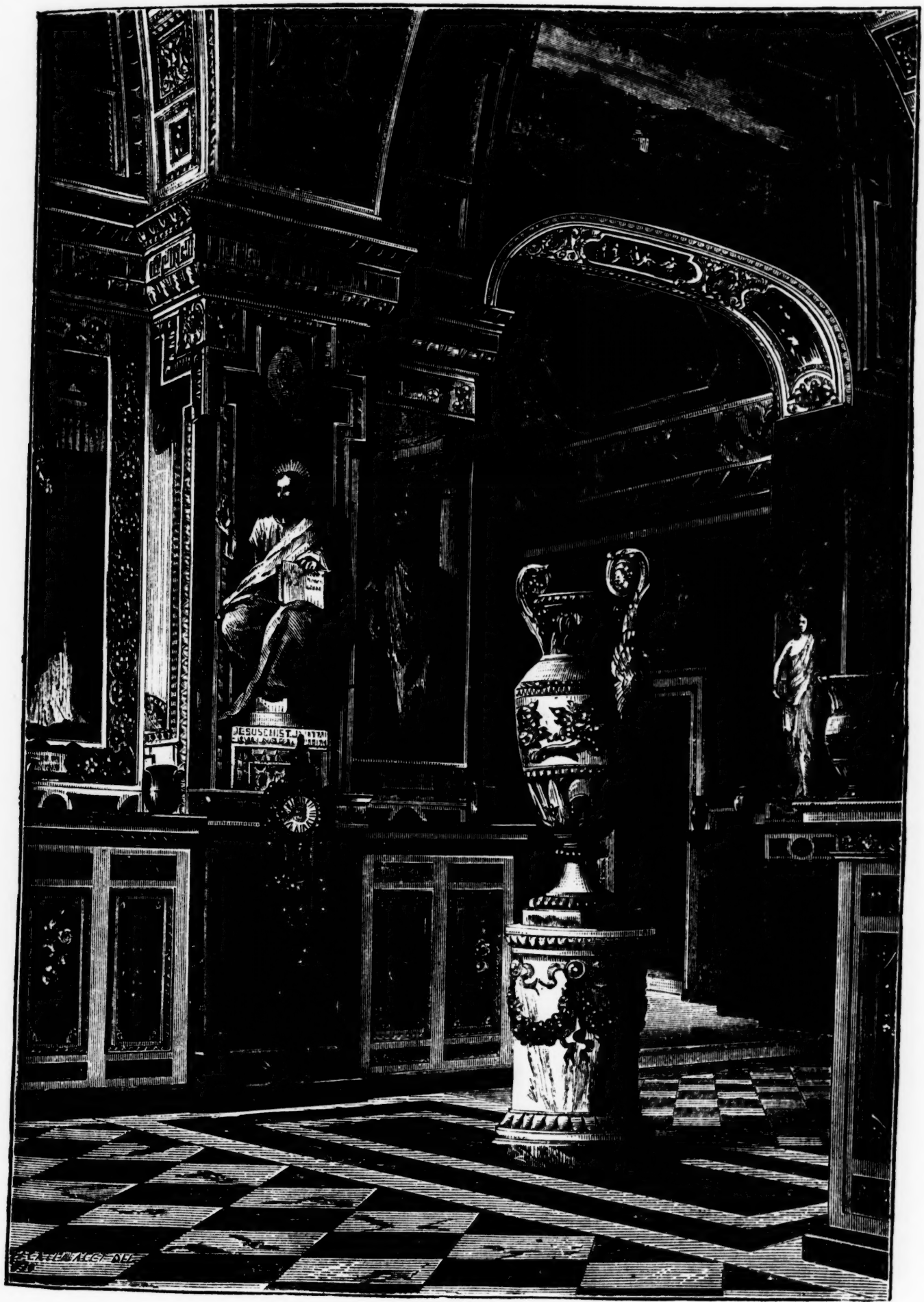
of his offerings of thanksgiving in the form of the palace which his wife had brought him. It was to be the home and heritage of the Popes. Later on, the Imperial zeal cooled down, and amid growing menaces of a coming persecution, Pope St. Sylvester fled from the Lateran and took refuge in the solitudes of Mount Soracte. Then followed the Emperor's sickness, his vision of the Apostles, his baptism at the Lateran, his plan of the great basilica for which he "turned the first sod," and which St. Sylvester consecrated on November 9th, 324, enshrining within it the wooden altar on which St. Peter had offered the Sacrifice of the Mass in Rome, thenceforth to be sacred to the Mass of Popes alone. This account, though supported by other strong authorities, is questioned by M. de Broglie (*L'Eglise et l'Empire*) on the strength of the testimony of Eusebius and St. Jerome that Constantine received baptism, at the close of his life, from Eusebius of Nicomedia. At any rate the Lateran of to-day is a church of most noble proportions, but with every detail of its architecture corrupted and interrupted in the most defiant style of the Renaissance. The greatest artistic treasure of the basilica is not the brilliant Corsini chapel with its statues of Pontiffs and Princes attended by Abundance, Munificence, Fortitude, Temperance, and other allegories; not the Pietà in the crypt below; not the twelve imposing Apostles standing on either side of the nave; not all the magnificence of the material with which its chapels are loaded; but the grave mosaic of the apse, the work of Fra Giacomo Camerino and Giacomo da Torrita at the end of the thirteenth century,

completed by Gaddo Gaddi in the beginning of the fourteenth. This noble piece of mediævalism is in most strange contrast with everything that surrounds it. Here too is allegory, deliberate, ingenious, simple—four rivers of the gospels, a mountain with a celestial Jerusalem on its sides; here also are Apostles most majestic, with a very small monk—Fra Giacomo himself—kneeling with his tools and compasses about him and recommending himself to the prayers of St. John; but how different from the flourishing decorations before mentioned. That a great part of Leo XIII.'s works in this church were devoted to the better placing and security of these great Christian designs is a pleasant fact to those who prize the few relics even Pontifical Rome possesses of those Middle Ages which the Cinquecento and its succeeding age effaced with such extraordinary, universal, and equal activity. It is amusing, by the way, to our present mind in the matter of historical art to read the good John Evelyn's note on the Lateran of those days. "This is a Church of extraordinary devotion, though for outward forme not comparable to St. Peter's, being of gotiq ordonance."

Before 1870 Pontifical Rome was bounded only by the limits of the shrunken Christian city. It extended from garden to ruin, from solitude to solitude, and pervaded the little core of ill-paved but decorous streets that formed the town of those times. On certain days of the year some church in the Corso, or on the deserted Aventine, or beyond those walls which were all too ample, became the place of the Pope's throne. The pomp of

the palace went out in procession to many a sanctuary. And the fringes of the Papal court spread through the society and activity of the city. The people were directly indebted to their Pontifical Sovereign for the amusements they most enjoyed. He gave them their carnival, their riderless races, let off for them the most beautiful fireworks in the world, making them welcome without price to seats whence they might enjoy the show, and lit for them a dome of soft stars in the sky when St. Peter's was illuminated. That was distinctively a Pontifical city where all the sentries mounted guard with reversed arms on Good Friday.

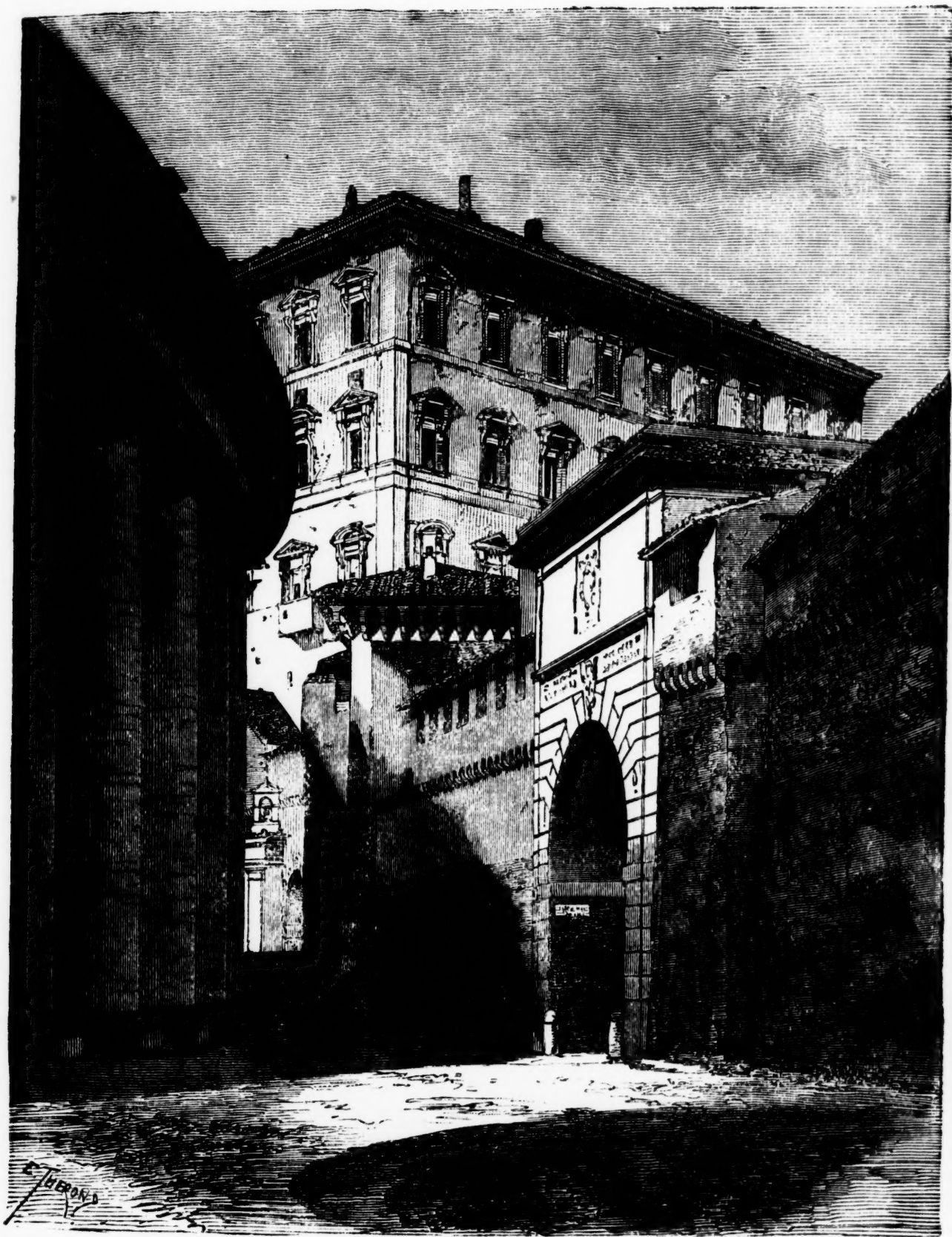
To-day the Rome of the Pontiffs remains a subtle city of memories and suggestions. It owns the basilicas and the statelier shrines; it is remembered in the old streets; and in the new ones it protests. The stupidly treated ruins and the ransacked Coliseum recall the old order by the very difference of the times; the Quirinal, "where grass grew, and the spider wove" in its days of dignity, is smart enough in its day of royalty; and yet it remains, in spite of all, a Pontifical palace—turned to other uses. But across the Tiber, by the bridge of statues and under the huge tower of the Archangel, it is Pontifical Rome without change. For whom but the Popes of the Renaissance would a palace have been built with eleven thousand rooms in it? Whether that number has ever been verified, or whether it is part of the Vatican legend, we know not; but the two hundred and eight staircases are a fact. The Vatican museums, the Library, the galleries, the



IN THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

Pontifical residence are all more than imperial in scale. The whole Vatican region is a region given up to art to do what it will with. Bernini and his collaborateurs had something like the space and possibilities of a little town to play with unhampered. They produced the singularly complete and symmetrical but utterly unpicturesque approach to St. Peter's. Assuredly our admiration of what is admirable in this grandiose colonnade stops short at one point :—no painter amongst us has ever wished to put it, or a corner of it, into a picture.

As to the glorious St. Peter's itself, its magnificence of size, proportion, and material has become a very commonplace of description. That it does not give the impression of its immensity has been explained in many ways. It is amiable though not judicious to seek the cause in the beauty of proportion which used to make the heroes of novels look less than their unusual height ; but doubtless the true reason is to be found in the abandonment of the first intention. The plan of a Greek cross would not have given the long perspective of the nave which positively cheats the eye into ignoring the great distance ; the wonderful dome would have soared over the centre ; no lines would have been so prolonged as to cause great loss by perspective ; the size of all the parts would have been evident at first sight. And it is curious to note how much the question was vexed. Bramante first suggested the Greek cross. After his death Giuliano Sangallo, the Dominican Giocondo da Verona, and Raphael Sanzio pronounced for the Latin. Balthasar Peruzzi, their successor, was for the Greek. Antonio Sangallo had the

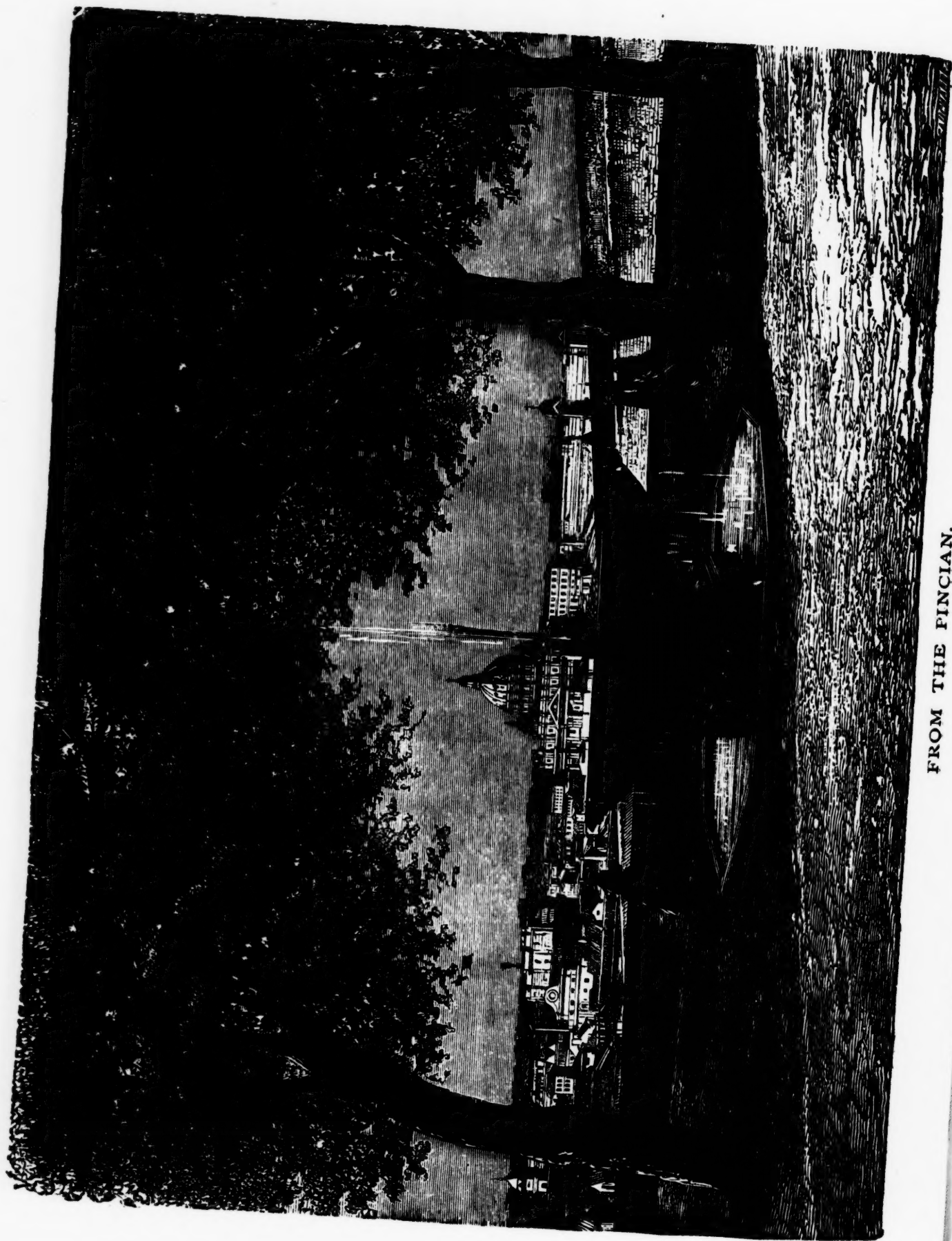


THE POPE'S WINDOWS.

cross Latin again. Then came Michelangiolo Buonarroti, taking on himself "for the love of God, of the Blessed Virgin, and of the Prince of the Apostles," and for no reward, the construction of St. Peter's. In fifteen days the old man of seventy-two had his plans ready ; and St. Peter's was to be in the form of a Greek cross again. The three architects who succeeded him were directed to respect his intention, but Carlo Maderna, Paul V.'s architect, finally decided for the Latin cross, by which he wronged Buonarroti's plan fatally. And what is mere defect in the interior is disfigurement for the outer view ; for the effect of the extinguishing of the cupola is of course principally due to its place at so great a distance from the huge and heavy façade. That façade too was Maderna's.

If any Goth is tempted to wish it were possible to recall the original St. Peter's, he should take what comfort he can from the fact that it was destroyed by time and not by the Renaissance. Founded by Constantine in 324 A.D., on the site of the oratory which Anacletus had built in the year 90, over the burial place of St. Peter, the old St. Peter's had stood for eleven centuries and a half when it menaced ruin, and Nicholas V. meditated the new. For how many centuries will this St. Peter's stand in its majesty ? There was laid the body of the Fisherman under a little shrine ; over the same place burn ninety-three perpetual golden lights ; and, above, the cupola globes itself, vast and enormous, inscribed with the tremendous words : *Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam Meam.*

The interior of St. Peter's is everything except pictorial. It is out of scale with humanity, so that with a race of giants only would the detail of the architecture compose in a way fit for a picture. And, in effect, wherever the figure is introduced in St. Peter's, it is on a colossal scale necessarily. But this is the one spot in the world where such a fault is almost a glory. Here and here alone, perhaps, size that passes beyond a certain relation to the human body is an accessory to greatness, and the most fastidious as well as the simplest eyes must take impressions of grandeur from the mere enormous spaces, the heights and breadths, of the brilliant temple. Here too is a triumphant, and not a touching, beauty. In all other architecture, as in every landscape, there is the inexplicable touch of pathos. It is evident in the austere dignity of the Romanesque, in the delicate vitality of the Gothic, even in the serenity of the antique—in all constructions or organisms of stone, except only those of the Renaissance. In these there is no appeal to our secret sympathetic sadness; and we have to overcome a certain disappointment at the lack of that appeal before we can appreciate the majesty of a Renaissance design. Perhaps the quality in St. Peter's that most of all strikes the new pilgrim is the purity and radiance, the clean daylight beauty of the interior—a pleasant impression which he will enjoy if he is left alone, with no one at his elbow to stimulate him to wonder at the size of the cherubs who caper with the holy water stoups, and generally to make his pilgrimage melancholy with accurate information. In effect the purity of St. Peter's is quite peculiar, be-



FROM THE PINCIAN.

sides being very conspicuous in Italy—a quality of cleanliness and clearness which gives a lucid look to the stone and marble and gilding, a look not of newness but of perpetual freshness. We had almost written perpetual youth, but there is nothing young about the Renaissance. It has no hope, no development, none of the vitality of immaturity. A future indeed it has, like all other things in this world of mutability, but it is a future of improved sophistication. It is part of the artist's noble humility that he leaves some form for another who shall come after to make more perfect, that he "rejoiceth with joy for the voice" of a later comer. But look at St. Peter's and declare what part the cinquecentisti could have had in this tender and selfless ambition; what, for instance, had Bernini to bequeath? One cannot help the spiteful suspicion that he knew, and was glad to know, that there was nothing to be developed from him, nothing to follow upon the attitude of the late Renaissance—the curling and interruption and corruption of all that is simple and straight—the breaking of pediments, and the flutter of chasubles, and posturing of anchorites.

A manifest injustice; Bernini could not avoid his date. Indeed, that he expressed the phases of his time is perhaps proof of his vitality. Is not decay itself a "quicken-
ing into lower forms?" That we, in our turn, are not "quick" at all is perhaps the reason that we can choose—select what things of the past we will to reproduce, and reject such things as do not please us. However this may be, there is one way to make the rococo itself beautiful and dear—and that is, to mix it up with nature. Its

fountains covered with mosses, encumbered with grass softer than sleep, its statues with a leg or an arm too few, hampered in the long garland of the vine, its fragments when the suns and winds of Italy have had their way with them, are lovely and fit for pictures. And so St. Peter's is at its best when it can be isolated somewhat from the town—seen through the noble and solitary pine groves of the Pamphili-Doria gardens. Taken thus from the rear, we lose the approaches of our too much reviled architect; but the trees (are they standing yet? One easily gets out of date in writing about Rome) are better than his colonnades. And the great broad dome, which Sir Christopher Wren bettered as Michelangiolo despaired of bettering Brunelleschi's, takes a dignity from this height and distance, as it does in the view from the Pincio. Only this is better than the Pincio in as much as the Campagna is at hand at the Pamphili, and there is a privacy and an openness altogether Italian; a great human monument and the sky; a cathedral and the wilderness. Nay, the circle of the dome where the "Tu es Petrus" is written is the centre of the swarming world; but the silence of ruin and solitude is close to it; the spans of the broken aqueducts stand out in fragments over the plain and against the sky, lightening towards the horizon, is a form hardly more serene and noble than the dome—Horace's Soracte white with snow.

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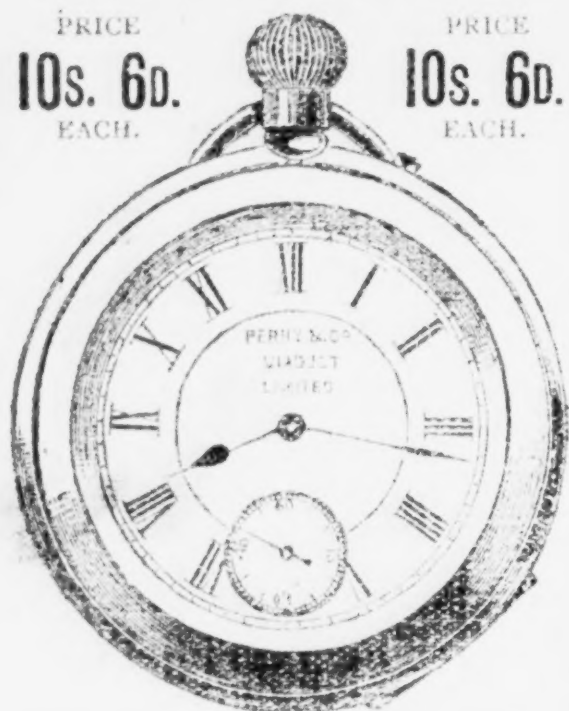
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